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"THE PRESENT."

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY MAC.

Let ancient poets sing the ancient deeds
Of ancient heroes; for in truth it needs
A writer to portray in verse or rhyme
The actions consummated in his time.
I sing the present—this a mighty theme.
Great age of progress, where we go by steam.
Hail, glorious Present! fount of all things new,
Age of improvement and of science too,
Where school-boys, young from learning's fountain cup,
Think they're men before they're half grown up;
Where good men listen while great sinners preach,
Where land of learning starves while idiots teach;
Where great sensation rules, and those who fight
Are far more famous now than those who write;
Where in the pulpit preachers so sedate,
Electioneer for some pet candidate;
Where souls so happy in their world of bliss
Come back again to see their friends on this;
And men who here no *medium* place would own
Now in a *medium* find themselves at home;
Where, though of our great nation we may boast,
All that is foreign suits the people most.
We e'en neglect for strangers now, in sooth,
Our own great Barrett and our tragic Booth—
Neglect to give our talent home a chance,
But get our plays, and morals too, from France.
O land of learning and of Dumas' books!
O land of Fashion and accomplished cooks!
O great and mighty France! What is it, pray,
That gives to thee such universal sway?
Why pattern from thee all the lands of earth?
(Unless, indeed, thy cuisine *a la mode*.)
Almighty Dollar! what a numerous host
Of willing subjects do you always boast.
For you they toil, use every art and wile,
That they at length may revel in thy smile—
'Tis you alone that stops the poor man's curse,
Gives life to science, giving her a purse.
You raise to fame the genius of mean presence,
But shaming genius, keep down men of sense.
Our nation's heads, bowed 'neath thy mighty rod,
Forget their country, and forget their God.
You conquered Cupid without much ado,
And, not content, have vanquished Hymen too.
You rule the Present; and the ancient king,
Whose wondrous deeds a thousand poets sing,
Could not compare, upon this wide world's stage,
With our great monarch of the present age.

THE LAPIDARY OF NUREMBERG:

A WONDERFUL CHRONICLE,

Compiled from the Manuscripts of a Patient in Bedlam,

AND WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY AN EMINENT PHYSICIAN.

CHAPTER VI.—CONTINUED.

If an unlucky kyoodle should pass Cæsar's kennel, and meekly beg for a bone, he would not be greeted with the welcome accorded to the aristocratic Towzer. The patrician dog would snarl: "No trespassers allowed on these premises! Move on!"

Possibly, the readers of this story may say—Author, the history of the canine race is growing tedious. But have I not in a previous chapter said that Wilfred Shaw's dog Cresus was one of the very prominent characters in this narrative? Remember that great truths are proved by analogy. Be patient, for I am obliged to arrive at the merits of Cresus by easy stages. His virtues, I assure you, could hardly be told in an obituary, the tribute that the author of "Childe Harolde" gave to his deceased canine friend. And there is Burns, too—the sweetest bard of Scotia's grand old hills and flowery heathers, whose "Two Dogs," if he had never written a line besides, would vindicate his title as a true poet. Those who read this narrative have only to refleet. Æsop lived before either Byron or Burns; and therefore, while I perpetuate the memory of Cresus, they should not accuse me of stealing from modern authors.

Ten months had fleeted by since the Count D'E—— placed in my father's possession the seventy-carat diamond to be cut, and the work was finished. A more perfect and sparkling jewel never shone in a monarch's crown.

While my researches to crystalize carbon had brought forth only dust and ashes, my father had reared on Nature's firm bas a a mountain of light and splendor. On the very day that his task was completed, a courier arrived from St. Petersburg stating that the Count D'E—— would call at Nuremberg a month hence, pay the balance due, and take back his inestimable gem. My father appeared highly pleased at this intelligence. He felt confident of being complimented for his celerity, as well as for his skill.

Before my brother Herman's furlough expired, I one day, as a profound secret, told him of the service my father was engaged in for the count; but no one else beyond our family circle dreamed that in Monsieur Lebeau's patent safe there was concealed a gem valued at between two and three million francs. I remember, as though it was but yesterday, the cold and gloomy night when a carriage rolled up at the door of the building, a portion of which my father occupied as a work-shop and laboratory. The tools had been laid aside for the day, and he and Wilfred Shaw, after lighting their pipes, had begun to discuss, as usual, the fortunes of the man of destiny, Napoleon. I believed in my sire as an oracle, and never interrupted a choice dialogue between him and his journeyman by asking foolish questions. Had Quintillian been my teacher, he would have eulogized me as an apt student. Cresus, the dog whose shaggy head Wilfred was gently patting, seemed much enlightened by the conversation on this dreary night; but someone knocked at the door of the laboratory, and he gave a sharp and angry growl. When Cresus growled, there was something dangerous about—pooh! I am not going to use the canine language implied: "Come, come. This sort of thing won't do. I know you, and you had better move on."

We were all astonished when my father opened the door, for there stood the Count D'E——, and he was a fortnight in advance of the time he had made by letter to visit Nuremberg. He was richly attired, as usual; but his overcoat, trimmed with sable, was buttoned up tightly at the throat, and concealed the splendid diamond and emerald star he often wore conspicuously on his bosom. There were three stars for his left breast, the collar of his coat, a bunch of blue cloth had the gold stripe of an Austrian officer of rank. If my memory serves me rightly, he also wore a traveling-cap of Russian sable, and gloves of the same quality of fur. My reasons will be fathomed hereafter for thus particularly describing his dress. A person of his exalted respect, if he were the lawful owner of a diamond worth three millions. My father bade him welcome with the politeness due to his rank; but I never saw the Count D'E—— so distant and unsociable before. This we all attributed to some sudden indisposition, for his face was as white as chalk, and he did not seem inclined to converse. As he stated briefly, the Austrian Court had appointed hi bearer of some very important dispatches to the Roman See, and he had called on the route to pay the amount still due for cutting, and to receive his diamond.

As long as the count was present in our shop, Cresus never ceased to growl, in spite of Wilfred Shaw's earnest endeavors to quiet him. This was very strange, for the dog had always been the best of friends with the young nobleman. When the count received the morocco case from my father's hand, and paid over the price agreed upon for cutting the costly gem, Cresus gave so dreadful a snarl that we all of us thought that the creature was going mad, and at that moment the count sprung like a leaf, and his features were deadly pale. So great was his agitation that he did not notice that one of his sable gloves had fallen to the floor. Nor did my father or myself observe the glove until a considerable time after the count had taken his departure. When the sound of his carriage had died away in the distance, Cresus lay down in a corner of the room, apparently as calm and contented as usual. We wondered what could be the cause of the animal's taking so strange an antipathy to the count. Was there hanging over our house some dread calamity that his canine instinct penetrated with a sagacity superior to human skill? My father did not believe in the whimsical pranks of Cresus long, the animal having once more resumed his quiet and methodical manner. Any man with his pockets lined with crisp banknotes will drive dull care away, if he is worthy to be called a philosopher.

"Ah!" remarked my father, "wealth is very pleasant if one is capable of enjoying himself; and, I thank Providence, I am still hale and vigorous, though declining in years. Rudolf, I shall still stick to my theory of doing all the good I can to the greatest possible number. As soon as the proper papers can be made out, I shall sign over the shop, with the good-will and appurtenances, to my Republican friend Wilfred Shaw." Wilfred bowed gratefully, and my father continued: "I shall pension Dame Catherine, who has always interested herself in my behalf, and has been a good servant since your poor mother died. As for Herman, I must remember him kindly, as a parent should who cherishes his eldest born; and though ingratitude has failed to reward him with a commission, I have sufficient means to purchase him one. Captain Herman will sound famous in our family. As for you, Rudolf, I fancy a three years' tuition at the college of Wittemburg, to be followed by a professorship, will suit you best. To carry out my plans, the money I have received from the Count D'E—— I shall place with the bankers Leidte & Brothers of Paris, and draw the interest semi-annually. What think you of the grand schedule of my plans?"

Wilfred Shaw tendered my father his warmest thanks for the kind regard he had in his welfare, for the business, spite of many bad debts, was fairly profitable; for myself, as long as Susette Waghoner was lost to me forever, I would have been willing, had my father suggested, to journey to the antipodes in the humble capacity of a sailor before the mast. I should not have made the slightest objection. The whole world was a blank to me while another was destined to possess the matchless charms. Yet I had one hope, though seeming nearly akin to madness. I would become so close and attentive a student in chemistry that, like the renowned Cresus, I could eventually be able to crystalize carbon. The motive I had for nourishing my greatest powers in this path of learning was what Susette informed me of concerning her own destiny on the night when I swooned away at the announcement of her betrothal to the Count D'E——: "Rudolf, I am to learn everything, and my husband shall feel proud of me!"

How the (to me) sad news sent the pallor of death into my cheek, even while my blood boiled like a lava tide threatening to consume my very heart! 'Twas vain for reason to whisper the warning: The idol you worship, Rudolf F——, is only a woman, and honor and manhood demand that your adoration should soar higher. She has been dazzled by the glare of a coronet and the future title of countess. Only a brewer's daughter, and yet she scorned the sacrifice of your love at the altar of her charms.

"Brother!" Yes; but coupled with a blow that blotted away forever the hope and joy of my life. To lose Susette was parting with everything near and dear to my mortality. At a word from her very lips, or a glance of her dreamy blue eyes revealing the undercurrent of love, I would have battled the whole world, sanguine of victory. There the world, here Susette, and I stand an impregnable Thermopylæ, defying the onslaught of millions.* One tress of her yellow hair seemed as precious to me as the golden chain which, poets affirm, links Earth with Heaven.

CHAPTER VII.

DUPLICATES.

The night when the Count D'E—— received his splendid gem, I felt the most bitter anguish; and when I retired to rest, my pillow was soon wet through with tears. Not until I had reached dreamland did I find peace of mind. In that mysterious country, I thought, the first prize was accorded to me as a practical chemist, having succeeded in crystalizing carbon. In three weeks I was to make my departure for Wittemburg, and Dame Catherine was employed in preparing my clothing with a mother's care. On the day appointed for me to start, the carriage of the count again appeared at the door of our house, and this time the beautiful horses attracted much attention; for it was high noon, and the people were passing in crowds. This visit of the count's surprised us all very much, for only three weeks previously he had volunteered the information that he should remain at Rome for a long time, in the service of the Austrian Government. As on previous occasions, my father welcomed his wealthy patron, and paid him all the deference due to so elated rank, and then inquired in what manner he could serve him.

Wilfred Shaw, myself and the dog Cresus witnessed this interview between the count and my father, as when we had last appeared upon the scene together; but the main features of the programme were entirely different. The count seemed to be in the best of health, and he wore conspicuously upon his breast, as was his custom, the diamond star, mingled with emeralds, dazzling the beholders. He showed no signs of trepidation or fear, and Cresus received him in as gracious and friendly a manner as a dog is capable of. Why his former antipathy toward the count should change in so short a time was a puzzle that none of us could solve. Perhaps Wilfred Shaw thought as I did. Cresus was generally a reasonable sort of animal; but, as regarded his likes and dislikes toward my father's patron, he very much resembled a coquette, who continually alters her opinion concerning her suitor's merits.

"My lord," said my father deferentially, "your stay at Rome was far less limited than you anticipated three weeks ago?"

The count seemed astonished at my father's remark; but, after a moment's reflection, responded: "I think you have reference to St. Petersburg, monsieur, whence I have just arrived in order to receive the valuable gem I entrusted to your care. Your well-known skill as a lapidary has, I trust, brought forth all the beauties of which the precious body is capable. My business, therefore, is urgent, and I shall not tarry an hour in Nuremberg after settling your demands and receiving my jewel."

My father appeared thunderstruck at the count's words. The nobleman did not seem like a person who would say anything more than he meant as earnest as if his property still remained in my father's keeping.

"Your lordship is pleased to be merry," he finally said; "for you cannot possibly have forgotten that I returned you the gem, on which I had lavished my best efforts, three weeks ago." Wilfred Shaw and my son were present on the occasion."

I noticed that the count turned pale; but he gave a slight laugh, displaying his white and even teeth, and remarked rather sarcastically:

"Monsieur is even fonder of jesting than I gave him credit for. The subject, however, is a serious one to me, as property to the amount of three million francs is involved in the issue. Come, monsieur, own at once that you have flawed my beautiful gem," and he gave my father a glance of stern inquiry.

"My lord," said my father, "my antecedents are a proof that I have never allowed pleasantry to jostle with my business affairs; and, believe me, if such were my intent, your lordship is the last person in the world whom I would have the presumption to tamper with. Your diamond was reduced to forty-eight carats by the cutting, but I have brought forth its marvelous beauties in such a manner that it has not deteriorated in value——"

"What the devil do you mean!" said the count, now thoroughly angry. "How can I tell whether my jewel is flawed or not, unless I inspect it, and judge by appearance? Something tells me, monsieur, that we are playing at cross-purposes. Come, I will give you a fair statement of the facts, though briefly, as my time is precious. I have just arrived from St. Petersburg; and as for Rome, I have not been a league nearer that famous city than at present, for I left it in the night, in spite of the faults of my conscience, the count had always been noted for his probity and honor. Though I disliked the man for having come between us, yet his conduct toward Susette proved him a gentleman in the highest sense of the term. When patricians are virtuous, plebeians are apt to grow moral. Men strive to emulate those whom they look up to as superiors. A great author once said that those who plagiarized his works paid him the highest compliment. Nothing could be to him stronger evidence of their having read and admired his ideas. A dog barks while striving to talk. When he runs with a bone, he is caught by his superiors. This brings me back to Cresus.

Before we had been incarcerated three days (we dined at the jailor's family table, and were allowed every reasonable indulgence). Wilfred Shaw came to the conclusion that, if he could frail bail for his appearance at court, he would, with the assistance of Cresus, ferret out the count's lost diamond. He told us of the idea he had in view, and requested the jailor to send a few lines to the Judge desiring a private interview. The interview was accorded, and the next day Wilfred Shaw was admitted to bail. The only assistance he received from the little magistrate was the loan of the count's fur glove. He had settled in his own mind that it was the talisman which would eventually unravel the dark web of mystery. The seal of state was placed upon all my father's effects; but with the acquiescence of the count's advocate, Wilfred gained his point, and the glove was given up to him. When asked if he desired the assistance of any of the Nuremberg detectives, he replied:

"No; I am already in communication with one of the sharpest, and would not like to confide my plans to another."

Released from prison, his first idea was to see whether his canine friend had been well cared for during his absence. Thanks to Dame Catherine, Cresus was in good condition, and greeted his master with every proof of canine affection. There was no time to lose, and Wilfred Shaw at once began the enterprise he had in view. No great preparations were necessary, as Wilfred had already, in a measure, conceived a plan for ferreting out the mystery with the aid of his dog, upon whose instincts he relied for a clue to the puzzling problem of where the jewel had gone to.

"Cresus," he said, taking his friend's shaggy head between his hands, and shoving up the animal's lip with his thumb, "your fangs are still sharp and your scent good, and, besides these qualities, I give you credit for being one of the most knowing dogs ever born on British soil. Do you understand the wickedness from intruding."

Cresus gave a low bark suggestive of "Yes, sir; I appreciate what you are saying, and am ready to pay my bed and board bill with any service I can perform, at the shortest possible notice."

"The time is coming," continued Wilfred, "when you will feel the weight of years, my old boy; and when you are superannuated I shall make a pensioner of you, and your rations will be three beefsteaks, and the same number of bowls of milk, every day. How do you like the arrangement?" A glance as affectionate as a loving woman bestows on the man who is nearest her heart, and another bark, were his answer. "There is work to be done, Cresus; and should you accomplish all I think you can, I shall deem it my duty to add a silver collar to your merited pension. A diamond worth three million francs has been stolen, and your master is under the ban of suspicion. Listen. We leave Nuremberg to-night; I want you to find me the man who wore this, whether he be dead or alive;" and he held up the glove to the dog's riveted gaze. A bark, signifying, "Come, not reasonable, and allow me to smell of it first." Wilfred held the glove down, and Cresus did smell of it with the zest of a Highlander enjoying his favorite brand of snuff. Apparently satisfied, he gave a snarp series of barks, and seemed as overjoyed as any honest dog possibly could be; for he commenced bounding here and there about the room, much endangering the dishes and pasalins over which Dame Catherine had charge. Then, as if suddenly made sensible of the vast responsibility under which he labored, he grew sober, calm and sedate as a detective in the parson line, and crouched at his master's feet.

Ere nightfall, Wilfred borrowed three hundred francs from a fellow-craftsman; and, having provided himself with a knapsack and a stout cudgel, he and Cresus started forth on a mysterious journey. During his three days' imprisonment, Wilfred Shaw had improved his time by reading "The Criminal Calendar of France," a book kindly loaned him by the jailor. The narrative in which he felt the deepest interest was the wonderful adventures of Arnaud Du Silh and Martin Guiere.*

TO BE CONTINUED.

* The reader must reflect that the author is only attempting to depict the monomania of a diseased brain. A man mad from false philosophy, like Rudolf F——, and madly in love, would be very apt to write hyperbole concerning the remembered one. Even sane men have often done the same in love.

* The story of Arnaud de Silh and Martin Guiere is the most singular of all in "The Criminal Calendar." The men resembled each other so closely that even their nearest relations could not tell them apart. Their features were precisely alike; and though they were in no wise related, twice have resembled each other so closely that one represented himself as the husband of the other's wife, and the fraud was not suspected for a long time. Then a criminal suit was instituted; but the Judges were puzzled, and several juries were empanelled before one could agree as to which of the parties was acting the part of an impostor.

MYRTLE AND THE BEGGAR.—See "The Lost Ring."

LISTEN!

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

"Listen"—the maiden murmured—
"What is it falls on my ear!
Oh, is it the singing of angels
And the tuning of harps I hear?"

Away in the dim gray distance,
Ever so far away,
Faint streaks in the horizon tokened
The dawn of another day.

Faded and wan with sickness,
Weary with racking pain,
The maiden held her very breath
As she heard the sounds again.

Again on the morning stillness,
Again they come and go—
'Twas an ecstatic chorus of hoarse young rooster
A-trying his best to crow!

J. H. B

THE LOST RING.

The frosty afternoon was drawing to a close. People hurried along the street wrapped in furs, with that air of selfish concern which every cold weather gives to all comfortable people. Miss Dalziel looked quite radiant in the tingling air; her white Shetland veil was thrown back from her pretty face, and she slipped one warm little hand out of her fur-lined glove as she gave it to Doctor Fenner.

Perhaps it was something in the touch of the little white hand which decided him to follow its owner into the house. They had been riding together all the afternoon, but an afternoon ride amongst a crowd of dashing equipages all a-jingle with laughing voices is not just the place for speaking the tender, earnest, momentous words which Hugh Fenner had it in his mind to say to Myrtle Dalziel that day, and he was not a man to do things out of place. So he threw the reins to his groom, and said "For a moment," in reply to Myrtle's invitation.

She was at the bottom of the high marble steps as she spoke, and, pausing, she had turned her head towards her companion, a step behind. At the instant a touch, a clutch, caused her to turn suddenly in the opposite direction. Something stood there—something in the likeness of a child or a woman, close by her side. It was a scraggy arm stretched from under a ragged shawl that had touched Miss Dalziel, and a thick voice mumbled, in a frozen way:

"I am dying of hunger and cold."

Myrtle shuddered at the obtrusion of this gaunt thing upon the thrill and warmth of her mood.

"I have nothing for you," she said hastily, passing on. "What a painful sight these street beggars are," she said to Doctor Fenner.

"Yes; the sight of starving, freezing people is necessarily very painful," he replied, in a little graver tone than that in which he had spoken a moment before.

"But they need not really starve, need they? There are soup-kitchens and charitable associations."

"No public charity can meet all cases, I suppose."

They passed into the house through the broad hall and into the library, deserted now because Mrs. Vennard's household were dressing for dinner. Myrtle rubbed her hands before the glowing fire on the hearth, and began to undo her boa. She felt conscious of some change having come over Doctor Fenner, and it made her really impatient towards the beggar who had caused her to appear heartless in his eyes.

"You must suppose the girl was really hungry, Hugh?" she asked.

"I suppose she was. Don't let us talk about her, Myrtle, when are you going home?"

She changed color and replied: "Mrs. Vennard says I must stay for another month."

She had seated herself in a low chair before the fire. She made a gracious picture there, as the burning logs broke into brilliant blocks and sparkling splinters, and threw a glow over the dark rows of silent books that ranged the walls, over the crimson curtains and walnut cornice, over the white owl perched on a bracket, the marble busts, the Persian rug, and at last settled like an incubus around the fair girl with her bright, clear eyes and rosy red cheeks. Hugh Fenner, leaning against the corner of the mantelpiece, looked down upon her with passion and hesitation.

"O Myrtle!" he broke out at last, "how this sort of life tarnishes our souls."

"What sort of life, Hugh?" she asked softly.

"This easy, self-gratifying life here at Mrs. Vennard's. The warmth and brightness of existence all shut within, and thickest screens to keep a glimpse of outside cheerlessness from intruding."

"I am sure Mrs. Vennard gives a great deal to charity, Hugh."

"Yes; but she never comes to confront its objects. That would shock her nerves."

"We can't all be city missionaries," Myrtle said. "No; I wouldn't wish all to be. What I find fault with is, that this fashionable life crusts the soul and makes it insensible to all suffering and intolerant of all effort. Effort is good for us, Myrtle. The sight of suffering is good for us sometimes too."

"You think I should have given alms to that poor girl at the steps?" said Myrtle.

He did not seem to hear her. He did not care about this particular beggar overmuch, but he was displeased to find the little girl whom he knew to be so generously impulsive, so natural, so sympathetic, a few months before, going on with Mrs. Vennard's life.

"Even you have changed here, Myrtle," he said.

She knew that without his telling her.

"I have just waked up to the meaning of life here," she replied, casting her eyes down.

"O Myrtle, if you would only go away while the meaning is fresh," he cried out, in spite of himself.

"You want me to go away?" she asked, wonderingly.

"Yes, if you love me," he started to say, but something held the words back. Something made him need to probe her a little farther.

"We have wandered from what I came in to say," he remarked, in a changed tone. "I wanted to ask you to make a covenant with me, and to wear this in token of our agreement." He drew from his pocket a ring, and, placing a chair beside Myrtle's, held out his hand to her. "Will you?"

"What is the covenant, Dr. Fenner?"

"Only that you and I, Myrtle, shall tell each other the truth. I mean that, however much we sham for the benefit of the world, towards one another we shall be literal, exact."

"It is a nice pretext for wearing a beautiful ring," she answered, with a smile.

He was turning it over in the firelight; it was a massive ring, twisted, of dull red Venice gold, and bearing a signet whereon was carved in chrysophrase a flying figure with finger on the lips.

"While I see it on your finger I shall feel that there is a bond between us. When there is none, Myrtle, you may send it back."

It was less than he meant to have said; less, perhaps, than she expected. He moved to go.

"Shall you be at home this evening?"

"I—I am not sure whether Mrs. Vennard has made any engagement or not."

Hugh Fenner's eyes were holding hers steadily. She remembered the ring, the covenant between them. She had broken it already. She knew that Luke Dion was to take her to the opera that night. She started. Was it going to be a hard matter to keep her promise to tell Dr. Fenner the truth?

"I will not detain you any longer," he said.

He held her hand lightly for a moment, in a longing, reverent way, and then left her. Myrtle had no occasion to dress for dinner. She wore her one black silk, which looped for the street and trained for the house—which appeared with a linen breakfast table, and by the aid of a Vandyke of old Mechlin lace was transformed into an evening costume. No one had happened to notice that Miss Dalziel seemed to have but one dress; but the silk was beginning to fray and crack, and Myrtle, like the poor, felt the sun-tinted alone—the gnawing of the fox beneath her robe, and the knowledge that she must soon go home

She sat still after Dr. Fenner went away. He told the truth when he said she had changed since she came to Mrs. Vennard's. She had learned worldly wisdom, and she sat in the firelight and pressed her heart-beats with it. She loved Hugh Fenner. It needed no worldly wisdom to teach her that. But did he mean to ask her to be his wife? And if not? Mrs. Vennard came in just then, followed by a string of light from the hall chandelier.

"Ah, Myrtle, I thought you were not yet home. I was going to scold you." Fenner was more careful of you, though, than to keep you so long in the cold."

"We came home an hour since," said Myrtle.

"Ah! what is the matter with you? Why, Myrtle, where did you get that ring?"

She sat with her hands spread, to screen her face from the fire; the light leaped upon the dull, twisted gold.

"It is odd, isn't it?"

"It looks like a gentleman's ring," was Mrs. Vennard's reply.

"It is—Dr. Fenner's."

"My dear," said Mrs. Vennard, "are you engaged to Dr. Fenner?"

"No."

"Then why do you wear his ring?"

"As a sign of a compact."

"A compact? Pray, what compact?"

"That we are to tell each other the truth."

"What childishness!" said Mrs. Vennard. "He will take advantage of this compact to ascertain just what you prefer him not to know."

"I don't think Doctor Fenner has any small curiosity."

"He has enough, probably, to prevent your pulling the two or three strings you have to your bow as successfully as you have done of late. Fenner is deep. He is waiting to see what is to come of your flirtation with Luke Dion."

"He need not wait long for that."

"Don't be too decided. Luke Dion is not to be lightly scorned. He will make the better husband. He is less exacting, more wealthy, and has no cranks."

"He will make some other than me happy with his good qualities."

"I never have thought that Doctor Fenner was a marrying man, Myrtle—that is the truth. Don't give up a bird in the hand for one in the bush."

The dinner-bell sounded. Myrtle went to carry away her hat and cloak. Had it come—to a mere matter of speculation how she bestowed her heart and hand! An hour or two later she came down in her opera-dress—the training black silk, with its yet invisible frays and cracks—Mrs. Vennard's ermine cape and a little bouquet garnished with a scarlet camellia and green leaves from Luke Dion's bouquet.

It was such a charming little idea of Miss Dalziel's to put a natural flower in her bonnet, people said, little suspecting that she had no money to buy any other, little knowing what a struggle her gloves and sashes made into Miss Dalziel's small allowance, leaving her half the time literally penniless.

They were somewhat delayed in starting, and the coachman laid the whip to his horses. They sprang forward, reared suddenly, and a shriek reached the ears of the two who sat within, curtained and cushioned—a shriek which they never forgot. The coachman was off the box, and as Myrtle wrenched open the door he said:

"It is nothing, sir. Shut the door, please, Mr. Dion. The poor creature."

"Stop! let me out!" said Myrtle. "We have run over something."

"You must not," commanded Luke Dion. "I will see."

But Myrtle was before him. They had drawn the woman from under the wheels. The carriage lamps lighted the pinched face, the scraggy arm, the ragged shawl. It was the beggar who had told Miss Dalziel that she was dying of cold and hunger a few hours before.

"Poor thing! how shall we get her home?" Mr. Dion was asking of a policeman who had approached.

Myrtle had raised the poor head from the pavement. "Where shall we take you?" she asked, and her quick ear caught the scarcely intelligible sounds which came in reply.

"Miss Dalziel," Mr. Dion was protesting, "we will see that everything is done for her comfort. Personally we cannot be of any use."

"I could not go to the opera to-night," Myrtle said. "I want to go to her home." She almost added: "Oh, if I only had the price of these dainty gloves to give her!" but she was saved mortification about it. Of course she could not manifest her indifference unaided. She could not sit alone, and so show Doctor Fenner that she was independent of his attentions. She must have the attention of others, and act as though she *preferred* the to his.

Luke Dion began the dangerous game of flirtation for effect. She danced opposite Dr. Fenner, and was so engrossed in her partner as to forget the figures, and, when recalled, said merry, witty little things to Hugh, which he answered with distant gravity. It was rather a miserable sort of evening from the beginning for Myrtle, and the worst was yet to come. Dr. Fenner did not understand her fully. He saw that she wished to pique him, to show the power she held over others, and, not caring to tilt in such a field, he held himself silently aloof.

Through a rather lonesome and thoughtful life of thirty years Doctor Fenner had observed and calculated a good deal, and he knew that he did not want a mere woman of the world for his wife. Fashionable mothers had manœuvred for him for a good many seasons without success. He had never yet had a love affair. Then Myrtle Dalziel came, with her fresh beauty, her unbalanced soul, her naturalness and sincerity, and was—at least Hugh Fenner believed she was—the mate for whom he had waited. He had wooed her manfully. Mrs. Vennard might insinuate that she did not believe him to be a marrying man, but no one who had observed his devotion to Myrtle but believed that he wished to make her his wife. Myrtle herself did not once doubt him, and yet little by little, as her worldly wisdom came to her, she began to ask if he were not a little exacting, a little too literal. Men generally kept such moods till after marriage.

So the dance and laughed, and the evening wore away. She went off to the conservatory with Luke Dion, and sat down where a tall scarlet lily flung its stain of color over her, and stooped the air with its sweetness

"I hardly ever saw you in such high spirits," he said

She looked up in his face with wonderment. How little he understood her! Presently some one came for her, to know if she would not sing. She had a sweet voice, and sang with culture; it was her one accomplishment which Doctor Fenner prized. He said it was the window through which he first saw her soul.

"I cannot to-night," she said, almost pettishly.

"Why, Myrtle, what is the matter? Are you cross or ill to-night?"

She saw just then Doctor Fenner's form near the door. He was watching her.

"Neither," she answered, in a quiet tone. "I will sing if it will oblige anybody, though I am not precisely in a singing mood. We all have our moods, you know."

"I did not know that you had. It will oblige everybody. Come."

As she seated herself at the piano and touched the keys, it seemed to her for a moment as though she was going to lose her self-control—as though the repressed agitation of the evening would master her. She calmed herself, letting her finger-tips glide along the keys in a slow prelude that was like dropping water. When she began to sing, her voice had just so much of emotion in it as to send the sweet, passionate words to every heart.

"Sweet is true love, though given in vain, in vain;
And sweet is death, who puts an end to pain.
I know not which is sweeter—no, not I.

"Love, art thou sweet? Then bitter death must be.
Love, thou art bitter; sweet is death to me.
Oh, love, if death be sweeter, let me die."

She did not raise her eyes when her song ended. Her finger-tips wandered over the keys, keeping the air in slow, faint measure so long that those who waited to applaud gradually moved away. Myrtle was conscious, though, of one remaining presence. Her sad, sweet song had brought Doctor Fenner to her side. She raised her eyes to meet his. The bad spirit within her had been exorcised by the music; she looked up with her own candid expression to his face.

Instead of meeting her eyes, his gaze fastened upon her hand—the hand where he had placed the ring she no longer wore. Then he looked at her. Her face crimsoned. Doctor Fenner asked no questions. He remembered what he had said:

"When there is no longer any bond between us, you may send it back."

She had released herself already.

"Let us have another song, Miss Dalziel," someone was requesting—"something to heal the hurt of the last."

Doctor Fenner was moving away. She turned and sang a heartless, soulless little Italian cavacole. Her forced gayety came back, she laughed and waltzed, and the evening ended. A week passed after that, during which no word or sign from Hugh Fenner came to Myrtle. She waited with feverish impatience from hour to hour. How, under such circumstances, could she make known that she had lost his ring! She could not communicate with him in any way. It would look like an attempt to win him back. When the week was up she told Mrs. Vennard one day, abruptly, that she was going home.

"Home in February! to the country in February! That is too dreary to be thought of."

It was dreary. Myrtle confessed it in her own heart. Her visit had been so pleasant; its adulations so intoxicating; even its disappointments had the charm of excitement. She dreaded to go back to a life in which there was none of these things. But there was one way only in which she might remain, and she would not take it. Luke Dion made her a formal offer of his hart and hand as soon as her probable departure was made known.

"I would not wrong you, Luke, by accepting your heart when mine is not my own to give."

It took some courage to say this. Myrtle liked Luke, and he pleaded hard. She felt jaded when the interview was over, and, dressing herself for the street, slipped away quietly by herself for the tonic of a walk in the glittering Winter air. She would meet no one on the common—no one, that is, whom she knew, on such a day. So she walked briskly through the paths dreary and desolate in the chilly sunshine, with the bare boughs and blanched grass.

Through her thick veil at last she saw someone approaching. Almost as far as she could see, she recognized Doctor Fenner. He was walking briskly. They must meet. He came straight onward. Myrtle's heart throbbed hard; she almost slackened her pace, so sure she felt that he would pause. But no; he saw her, lifted his hat with the utmost ceremony, and strode hastily on, after his fashion.

"Cruel," said Myrtle, "to judge me unheard," but she said it to herself.

All the worst that she expected came true when she got home. It was lonesome and dreary. Her stepmother even threw out some taunts because she had brought home no beau.

"You didn't take the town by storm, after all, my dear," she said.

Myrtle had to go back to her share of the household care, which was unlightened by love, for her father was a submissive man, and his second wife, with her brood of young, clamorous Dalziels, found ways enough to make life anything but pleasant for the young girl. Winter slipped into Spring. The warmer weather was a relief; for the brighter-brightened Myrtle's heart. But in the long purple twilights a dreary sense of loss of something gone never to return came over her. She sat at the piano in this mood one evening, singing—strange that she ever sang it now—the song that had brought Hugh Fenner to her side that last time:

"Sweet is true love, though given in vain, in vain,"

with something like a sob in the passion of her voice.

A step came through the open door, treading lightly. Sometimes her father liked to steal in, as it were, and listen to her singing when the rest were not by. It was he, Myrtle supposed, who paused and leaned in the doorway. She sang on:

"Oh, love, if death be sweeter, let me die."

her voice sobbing itself still in the pathos of the plea.

Nothing stirred for a moment in the stillness; then a grave voice said, gravely:

"Myrtle, will you wear my ring again, and promise to tell me the truth?"

She turned quickly. It was not her father, but Hugh Fenner, who had leaned against the door. He came towards her, holding out his hands just as he had come before, only then she looked up at him as one in a dream; yet it was all true—Hugh Fenner and no ghost, and in his hand the ring she had lost.

"Where did you get it?" she cried, rejoicing for the ring more than for anything else just then.

"But if you will let me put it on your finger, Myrtle, and promise me what I ask, it will tell you the whole story."

She made no resistance, and he took her away from the piano to the depths of the sofa, and, sitting beside her, slipped the ring over her finger, grown a trifle thin, and, holding the hand in his own, he told her what he promised.

On his return from the party, wounded and jealous, he found a dispatch which required him to leave town. Under the circumstances he felt there was no occasion to acquaint anybody with his movements. Returning after three days, the first discovery he made was a ring-box with Myrtle's initials upon his dressing-table. Opening it, he found his ring. It did not surprise him, after what had passed. He shut his wound in his heart, after the manner of men, and went on—tried to go on, in his practice, in society, just as if nothing had happened. One thing only he avoided—coming in contact with Mrs. Vennard. Not until a week ago did he exchange a word with her since Myrtle's visit. Then it was she who left him no alternative.

"But I should not flatter you so much if I had no business with you," she began. "Miss Dalziel, Doctor Fenner left me to deliver a message to you which is not so pleasant that I am desirous of keeping it. It was to spare her embarrassment that I agreed to inform you that she was so unfortunate as to lose a valuable ring of yours the very evening you gave it to her."

With considerable surprise Doctor Fenner explained to Mrs. Vennard that he had had the ring safe in his keeping since before Miss Dalziel left town. Mrs. Vennard, equally surprised, could give no clue to the mystery. Evidently, however, the time had come for its elucidation; for a few days after this Mrs. Warder came one evening to Doctor Fenner's lodgings with some needlework she had been doing for him, for she was a seamstress by trade, and blessed with all the work she could do.

"Doctor," she said, as she was about to leave, "I believe we never asked you if you got the ring you left at our house all safe."

"What do you mean, Mrs. Warder?" he asked.

"Why, the ring you left one day after Lize was hurt, you know. We found it just after you had been in one day—a great, twisted ring, with your initials inside. You had washed your hands—you'd been putting some lotion on Lize's ankle—and we thought you took it off and forgot it. I got Sandy to bring it; no harm ever comes to things that Sandy carries. You weren't home, but they told him it would be all right."

"Where did you get the box you had put it in?" inquired Doctor Fenner, in what seemed to Mrs. Warder a very disconnected way.

"The box? Oh, yes; I remember. It was a little box that Miss Dalziel gave Lize one day. She fancied it, and Miss Dalziel gave it to her; so we put the ring in it, so as it would go safer. We thought, from the looks of the ring, you set a store by it."

Myrtle breathed a profound sigh.

"You can never know how much what I have suffered on account of losing that ring. I think this is the happiest hour of my life."

Hugh Fenner took her quickly in his arms.

"Is it, Myrtle? Remember you have the ring on; you must tell the truth."

She held still, close to him, for answer. Miss Dalziel, coming in by-and-bye, found the two oblivious to the darkness, the damp night-air, to all but each other—and felt consolidized. She was countenanced, however, when midsummer came, and Myrtle went away a bride.

"A curious wedding-ring, though," she thought. "Looked more like copper than gold, and a stone in it with a name picked out of Revelations. She couldn't remember it. She liked new wedding-rings, for her part!"

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1873.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

☞ Letters seeking information replied to only through this department. No answers by mail.

SUBSCRIBER, Hyderville.—1. To *nurse* at Willards is to hold the cue almost perpendicularly and strike the cue-ball nearly on top. 2. To "force" or "draw" is to cause the cue-ball, by being hit below the centre, to retrograde from the object-ball either in a direct or almost direct line. 3. To "follow" is to cause the cue-ball to follow nearly in the direction of the object-ball. 4. To "spread" is to cause the cue-ball to move in a lateral direction, while the object-ball moves almost straight ahead. The cue-ball, while moving sidewise, may go forward a little, or retrograde, as occasion requires. 5. A "bounding" shot is one in which the cue-ball is made to jump up from the bed of the table, the cue being held at about an angle of forty-five degrees. 6. Garnier and C. Dion play ordinarily with about 17¼oz cues. But do not lay much stress upon this, as their cues, unlike those you are likely to meet with, have a peculiar balance by being heavily loaded at the butt.

J. P. N., Philadelphia.—We cannot tell you at what theatre the late William E. Burton made his last appearance in this country, but it was probably at the Walnut-street and Chestnut-street Theatres in that city. In 1848 he commenced management in New York, and thereafter confined his professional efforts principally to this city. He made his last appearance in New York at Niblo's Garden Oct. 18, 1859; and then went on a starring tour. We have searched our files, but find no record that he performed in Philadelphia, although it is probable that he did, as he went as far South as Richmond, Va. He died Feb. 9, 1860.

A. B. and C., Phila.—Your last statement of the case places the matter in a different light. A's play was perfectly fair and legitimate; for when he took up the trump card he held the right to lead and score, although, as in side cards, there was a possibility of his making a point. The understanding that each player should play the strength of his hand certainly does not extend to the questioning of a player's judgment in taking up or passing the trump card.

CASSINO.—1. He can play an ace out of his hand on an ace on the board, and call it "aces," but cannot "build" on it. He can, however, continue to call "aces" if he has another ace in his hand. 2. If you build a "nine," you cannot change it. 3. You cannot build an ace on a "nine" to build "eight" up to "nine," but you can use a card in your hand for that purpose. 4. He is not obliged to take either. He can throw away his cards, if he chooses.

FOSTER, Fonda.—We do not like inquiring of experienced players at this game, a great difference of opinion on the point; some contending on the right to throw away a trump on a suit laid without taking the trick, while others maintain that unless you head the trick you cannot throw away a trump; but must follow suit. As there is no definite rule on the point, and opinions differ, we prefer not to decide.

RED HEAD, N. Y.—1. There is no State in the Union where a warrant of extradition will not reach you. 2. He could not be extradited from Canada or Mexico for the offense stated. 3. We are not aware that our laws could, for the said offense, reach him in any country in Europe, except the Swiss Confederation. The punishment upon conviction would be not more than five years' imprisonment at hard labor, and not less than one year.

DAN, Detroit.—Each player has one throw, and in the privilege of a second throw if he desires it, and in some places three throws are allowed. In the first throw all the five dice must be thrown. A player is not confined to as many as he pleases on the table, then gather up such as do not satisfy him, and throw them again. Sixes beat aces, the latter being the lowest throw on the dice.

M. T. B., Utica.—It is very difficult for an unknown person to procure an engagement. See some manager in person, show him what you can do, and solicit employment. 2. They are not on sale in this country. 3. We know of no teacher of ventriloquism.

JIM G., Washington.—If a combined a four and an ace, making five, B could with a four build on it, making it combined an ace and a four, and a deuce and a tray, calling it "five" it could not be built upon, as nothing but a five-spot would take it.

OLD SPORT, Saratoga.—1. Chas. C. Gallagher died at Jacksonville Fla., Aug. 25 last. 2. Ned O'Baldwin is serving a term of two years in the penitentiary at Philadelphia, Pa., having been convicted of aggravated assault and battery in September.

AN OLD READER.—1, 2. The engagements of variety performers are of such short duration that the only way you can keep track of them is to read THE CLIPPER attentively every week. When ever performers are before the public, you will find them noticed chronologically.

CONSTANT READER, National Home.—1. She is not acting at present. 2 and 3. Cannot say. 4. At cassino, lowest deals when cutting, and ace is low. 5. Lowest deals when cutting for deal, lowest deals; the ace of diamonds being the lowest in the pack.

J. P. E., Rochester.—1. He has been traveling through the south, as manager of Spaulding's Combination, which collapsed at Richmond, Va., week before last. 2. Cannot say. 3. We don't know his present whereabouts. Your letter, addressed to him, in our care, has not yet been sent for.

MEMBER KELLOGG OPERA TROUPE.—1. France, including Alsace and Corsica, 36,000 square miles. Russia in Europe, 46,000; New York, 50,519; New England States, 65,000 square miles. 2. Russia, 8,331,884; United States, without Alaska, over 3,400,000 square miles.

DACIHEL.—"India rubber Mokey." "I Want to be a Showman;" "A Hint;" "The Midnight Visitor;" "A Voice from the Crowd;" "Deborah;" "Blue-eyed Kitty Green;" "Modern Policemans;" "Never Give You're Friend Away;" "A Husband's Revenge."

CHAS. W. S., Troy.—If any person representing himself as a correspondent of THE CLIPPER fails to show the credentials, as mentioned under dramatic head, he is a fraud. The W. O. Carpenter you mention is not our Troy correspondent, and is probably a swindler.

M. Lawrence.—1. Letters sent to our care and remaining unclaimed, are retained here. 2. No, not unless specially requested to do so. 3. F. H. C. sent for his letters in Dec. 3 and J. M. on Dec. 6. Yes, if they are not claimed after a reasonable time has elapsed.

DICK DELANO, Baltimore.—In October, 1871, the English pedestrian Littlewood won five races in our waters for the cup won by the America in 1851, at Cowes, Isle of Wight. She was beaten twice by the Columbia and twice by the Sappho.

E. A. C., Albany.—1. The fastest time for 440 yards by a pedestrian is 48¾ seconds, made recently by Dick Buttery, England. 2. The Canadian has never lost any. 3. Merrissey and Sullivan fought on Oct. 12 1853. 4. No.

E. K. T., Philadelphia.—John S. Clarke never included Badger in his repertoire, but he may have acted it on a few occasions, although we can find no record of his so doing.

BARBER, Wyandotte.—You are entitled to the next card to the ace, and your opponent is entitled to the deuce. He cannot. 3. No player can call for a shuffle after the deal is once commenced; you win.

B. Z., Salmas City.—Only the party who takes the responsibility of the trump, by making it, taking it up, or ordering it up, can go alone. If euchred, his opponent can only score two points for the euchre.

CONSTANT READER, Lowell.—Brief items of fresh and reliable news mailed so as to reach us on Saturday, or at the very latest by the first mail on Monday morning (as we go to press that night), will be accepted.

LUELINE, Toledo.—1. At South Bend, Ind. 2. In Boston. 3. We do not know. 4. Through the Secretary of State of the Home Department. 5. Mme. Parepa Rosa is living in retirement in England.

M. N., Plainville.—At euchre, the cards must be dealt three at a time all round, and then two, or vice versa, each player receiving the same number as the others each time round.

T. O., Providence.—As it is a perfectly unobjectionable game for the fraternities, we see no reason why it and two for three, or takes six points at the choice, the player can do either, as he chooses.

W. T. S., East Boston.—Any player has a right to claim a shuffle of the cards, but the dealer is entitled to the last shuffle in all cases. If D contended that he had a right to the shuffling, prior to the deal, he was in error.

JENNY, Cincinnati.—"Carl Benson" (Chas. A. Bristed) is a grandson of John Jacob Astor, and a letter addressed to the Astors would, probably, reach him. He resides in Washington, D. C.

A. C. McG., Rochester.—Estimating the strength of the United States navy by Secretary Robeson's reports, the parties that bet that it was inferior at that time to the nations are wrong.

A. B. C.—Probably France has the second strongest navy now. England has the best defensive navy, although at present two or three years; but at one time France had more heavy ironclads than England.

CONSTANT READER.—Any person born in the United States is a citizen, and entitled to vote when he attains to his majority, unless he forfeits his right or renounces his allegiance.

CONSTANT READER, Cincinnati.—1. You are not too old. 2. $10 or $12 per week. 3. She is 16 years old. 4. Made her first appearance at Virginia City, Nevada, in the Fall of 1869.

F. L. G., Cambridge.—The loss of the game of billiards was not an element of the wager. If you won the game by ten points or more, you also won the wager; if you won the game by less than ten points, you lost the wager.

CONSTANT READER, Pawtucket.—1. Can't say. 2. We have not published any information to that effect. 3. Joe Dion is nominally champion at the four-ball game of billiards.

L. J., Rosedale.—The dealer is entirely wrong in his argument. He has no voice in the matter, and the bet can be changed as often as the player chooses, as long as there is no decision.

TONY, New Orleans.—The owner of the slut is entitled to the pup, as the agreement presupposed the litter would comprise more than one pup; from which the owner of the dog was to have the privilege of selecting one.

ÆNEAS, Hollidaysburg.—1. From $25 per week upward, according to ability and reputation. 2. See some manager in person and show him what you can do. 3. Of Shannon, Miller & Crane, who advertise.

SPANGLE.—We do not know whether he is living or not. We think he has retired from business. Write to J. Mulholland, 122 Mott st., New York.

C. J. H., Richfield Springs.—The greatest number of tables in any one public billiard room is thirty. The room is in Chicago, and is Thomas Foley's popular resort.

H. and T. Zanesville.—Ordering your partner up and going alone is equivalent to telling him to turn the trump down and that you will play alone.

W. S. B.—Young America.—Send as per advertisements for a book on clog and jig dancing, and then practice the instructions laid down therein.

R. S. M., California.—1. We do not. 2. If you mean Scott's "Lady of the Lake," you can obtain it of any bookseller.

CARNE, Phila.—If they were playing the game of rob ace, then A forfeits the game for not robbing, and for playing out of his turn.

JACKSON.—In New York 108 daily, weekly and bi-weekly papers. We cannot tell how many there are published in London, Eng.

C. J. H., Albany.—There is no such card as the joker in legitimate euchre, and if you play with it you must make your own rules to govern the disputes that may arise.

LIZZIE M. M., Boston.—If you mean Spaulding's Dramatic Combination, it closed at Richmond, Va., a week before last. The advertised letter should reach him.

SPORTSMAN, Providence.—Ed. James can send you a pair of terriers for $30. A six hours' ride would do them no harm.

G. C. H., Binghamton.—Their route ahead is published from time to time in THE CLIPPER. A letter addressed to the person in care of this office will reach him.

MIKE MCALLIFFE, Boston.—The longest prize fight in England was that between Bill Hayes and Mike Madden, occupying 6 hours and 3 minutes.

JOHN W. R., Brooklyn.—John Morrissey's height is 5ft. 11¼in.; fighting weight, 170lb. Bill Poole stood 5ft. 9¾in., and weighed 157lb.

CONSTANT READER, Sunbury.—Sayers' right arm was badly injured early in his fight with Heenan, but it was not broken nor completely disabled.

CONSTANT READER.—When we last heard of him he was a member of the company at Deagle's Varieties, St. Louis, Mo.

BENT, W., Warsaw.—The piece was not quite up to the mark, and was declined. We do not charge for publishing articles in that department.

SAMUEL and JOHN, Wilmington.—In commencing a game of backgammon, each player should throw but one dice to determine the priority of first move. Highest wins.

G. C. J.—1. We never decide bets of that kind, as it is purely a matter of opinion. 2. Cannot say where he made his first appearance.

BILLIARDS, St. Louis.—Garnier and Daly have played the four-ball games four games on a 9x4½ ft. pocketed table, each winning twice.

SHORT STOP.—Cannot say. Things are dull now, but when the spring comes there will be a revival of interest, and then stock purchasers will be forthcoming.

SAM D.—The Mutuals will include Allison, Matthews, Start, Carey, Hatfield, Burdock, Nelson, A. Allison, Ransom and Higham.

U. S. M., Hudson.—It is a good enough colloquialism, but is nevertheless defective. The fault is wholly dependent upon the speech "ilk."

T. E. S. R., Baltimore.—The person first named is in England, and the other is traveling with a dramatic company.

S. FEST, Greenville.—It is dangerous to stop it entirely. Rub the foot of the stocking inside with yellow soap, moistened every morning to prevent blistering.

W. L. L.—We would say nothing only one point, and holding high and making the three points he gave, goes out first.

PINOCHLE.—If three or more are playing at all-fours, and there should be a tie for game, the eldest hand scores the game point.

DIRECTORY, Williamsburg.—We cannot tell you their value, but you can readily ascertain if there is a market for them by advertising.

BARNEY RADDY.—Johnny Lazarus resides in this city. His brother Harry was fatally stabbed in East Houston street, Jan. 3, 1868.

BOOLTON, N. J.—From Fifty-first street to Barclay and Broadway, thence up to Central Park and back to the depot at Fifty-first street.

INQUIRER, Rockland.—Bagatelle tables differ as to length and number of holes.

C. H. H., Texas.—William McMullen is still living in Philadelphia.

THE CLIPPER'S FRIEND, Columbus.—No. Anyone can purchase.

R. C. CARTER, Beaver Meadow.—A letter addressed in our care will reach him.

FRANK P. ELLIOTT, Fort Columbus.—We have no record of time made over those roads.

M. J. L.—In the English army the Seventeenth Lancers carry the mark of a skull and cross bones.

K. S. J., Dorchester.—You win, as Mobile, Ala., in 1870 had a population of 32,034.

A. H., Chicago.—It is; but all who profess to be agents for it do not act "square y."

J. J. H.—The President is the Commander-in-chief of the United States army and navy.

J. D., Ithaca.—Greek is usually considered the most classic language.

C. C. McC., Janesville.—Write to J. Muhlelland, 122 Mott street, New York.

READ.—It could not play alone after his partner had expressed his intention of assisting.

J. S. A., Chicago.—He *forfeits* the deal for making a misdeal.

SUBSCRIBER, Aurora.—P wins the bet. S's claim for non-payment is not a valid one.

DENNIS.—It depends upon your constitutional regulations.

W. J. H. LEE.—Lawrence Barrett never performed Hamlet at Booth's Theatre, New York.

CONSTANT READER, Philadelphia.—Patterns for theatrical costumes are not on sale in this country.

REGULAR.—1. He possessed a large interest therein, which he has recently sold to another person.

P. KENEAN, N. Y.—Send 12c. and we will mail you a copy prepaid.

PEARL, Pittsburgh.—D cannot play alone after C made the trump.

R. P., Jersey City.—We cannot. Write to *The Army and Navy Journal*.

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K. S. J., Dorchester.—You win, as Mobile, Ala., in 1870 had a population of 32,034.

THE SENSATION in Philadelphia is the New Constitution. It is so very interesting a document that the local papers give it the preference over other matters, and keep it constantly before their appreciative readers. Old ladies take it in small doses with their breakfasts; and, "between drinks," discuss its most salient features. The happy father reads it to his family every morning and evening, and it has thus taken the place of the family prayer. The merchant gathers his clerks around him the first thing in the day, and in a feeling manner, and with true eloquence, discloses to his attentive hearers the wondrous beauties of this State document. The stock-broker inquires for it at the Board, and no sales are effected until the New Constitution has been duly read and approved of by the money-grabbers of Third street. The theatres cannot get along without it—no entertainment is complete unless this rhetorical composition has been read to the audience, while the entire strength of the company, ranged in a semi-circle in the background, wave the American flag, and perform New Constitutional gymnastic feats. At the various churches, the sermons are omitted, the sacred pastors reading the New Constitution instead; and not a single individual has been known to go to sleep during its delivery. Since the introduction of the beautiful essay into the public schools, those places have become blessings in disguise; children cry for it—breakfasts are forgotten, or scarcely tasted, in the hurry of the little ones to be early at school to hear the New Constitution read. Men out of work are cheerful, since they have the dear privilege of reading the New Constitution as expounded in the papers of the day; strikes are now unknown—should a body of workmen show signs of dissatisfaction at the hard times, the Mayor and Chief of Police read the New Constitution at them, and instantly the turbulent element is appeased, and all is serene; it is of far greater influence than the riot act. Telegraph operators send it "deadhead" to their friends throughout the country. A plan is on foot to take it to Santiago de Cuba, and read it at the butcher Burriel and his gery volunteers; in this way, it is thought, the differences between the two countries can be adjusted in amity, and without the loss of a single Spanish volunteer. We also hear that it is to be painted in brilliant colors, framed in massive architectural mouldings, and hung up in the Centennial building, with the legend underneath: "All honor to the framers of the New Constitution!"

BEFORE THE BENCH AND THE BAR.—Miron H. Hazeltine, Esq.—one of our respected associates and colaborers in THE CLIPPER vineyard—appeared before the presiding Justice, the bar and attendants generally of the Supreme Judicial Court of New Hampshire, during its recent session at Plymouth, and gave a *resume* of the History and Antiquities of Ghess. For an hour and a half he was accorded the attention of a highly cultivated and critical audience. The affair was a gratifying success, and elicited many flattering encomiums.

TO PREVENT a coal-lision between Spain and the United States, a number of members of the peace convention coal-esced, and sank a coal barge at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, in order that the navy of the Union might be deterred from taking an undue advantage of the Spanish iron-clad Arapiles and sinking her in friendly waters. The unhostile coal barge has since been cut out by a body of iron-handed men of Gotham.

IMPORTANT!—Here is a new way to make money. Connive with a baulky trapeze performer to "drop on you" by accident; then sue the manager of the theatre for damages. Manager Fox of the American, Philadelphia, has just been "let in" for five hundred dollars. Stand from under!

TO AVERT the overthrow of the United States Government, Cuba has kindly consented to let the Virginius go free. We don't know which to admire most, the Cubans for excluding our ship, or the President of France for excluding Bazaine.

THE MAN who stole a March has been convicted of the heinous offense, and sent up to Sing Sing for twenty years. Thus the majesty of the law has been vindicated. Other murderers are biding their time.

THE CLIPPER ALMANAC FOR 1874.

With the first number of THE CLIPPER issued in January, 1874, we shall present each one of our patrons with an almanac, gratis. It will be handsomely gotten up, printed on superfine paper, and will contain a variety of valuable information, including a chronology of some of the most noteworthy events that have transpired in amusement and sporting circles in ancient and modern times.

A limited number of advertisements will be received at the following rates: one page, $50; one-half page, $25; one-quarter page, $15. Size of page, 7½x4½in. Such of our patrons as desire to advertise will oblige by sending in their favors not later than Dec. 10.

Newsdealers will please see that they get the almanacs with THE CLIPPER dated Jan. 3, 1874; and, as the gratuitous distribution of these almanacs will probably increase the sales of that issue of THE CLIPPER, dealers, by ordering in advance whatever extra copies they are likely to require, will thus obviate the delay which might otherwise occur in executing a large number of extra orders.

THE CLIPPER ALMANAC will be given only to sub. scribers and purchasers of our issue of Jan. 3, 1874. Otherwise it cannot be procured. Don't forget—a handsome 32 page almanac given free with each number of THE CLIPPER of that date.

"THE BEAUTIFUL SNOW."

The publication in last week's CLIPPER of an exquisite fugitive poem bearing the above title has awakened a feeling of interest second only to that occasioned by the slaughter-house atrocities at Santiago de Cuba. We are in the receipt of numerous letters on the subject, each writer, in a very considerate manner, furnishing us with the real name of the author, no two being alike. One gentleman, who seems to have given the subject the most careful and prayerful attention, says: "Allow me to set you right as to the author of the poem 'Beautiful Snow.' It was written by Burriel, the Governor of Santiago de Cuba. Its tender pathos, deep thought, and bright scintillation of humanity give us an insight into this pure man's nature which volumes of rhetoric might fail to convey. The modesty of the gentleman will account for his desire to have his name kept out of print." Another attributes authorship of the morceau to "Junius," and still another to "The Man in the Iron Mask." A lady correspondent, a brilliant writer on contemporaneous and subterraneous subjects, says: "The Beautiful Snow' is touchingly sweet. There is a mystery attending its presentation to the world which is fraught with rare modesty and unselfishness. I am, happily, in a position to give you the author's name, which is Dennis O'Blake. It was written when he was dramatic editor of 'Shakespeare's Complete Works Unabridged,' and was dedicated to Bessie Sudlow of Niblo's Garden. I hope this will settle the matter forever." Another wide-awake correspondent *thinks* he has seen the poem before, but is not positive. It has also occurred to him that at some remote date in his boyhood's days there was quite a lively discussion carried on in the New Jersey papers as to the origin of the poem, two writers "to the manner born" claiming it as their own; and although a debating society deliberated over it for two months, no "final result" was reached. With all due respect for the correspondent, we believe him to be mistaken. He has reference to some other poem on snow. Certainly, no one to our knowledge has made a valid claim for this brilliant composition. A "Sincere Friend" intimates that Claude de Haven may have cast it upon the waters; but as that gentleman's thoughts run in other grooves, it is not at all likely that he would dip into "Beautiful Snow." Some of the letters we have received are not sincere, evidently. The following, from Pittsburgh, seems to throw some shadow of light upon "the claimant;" and, as it may lead to further researches, we give the communication entire:

PITTSBURGH, Pa., Dec. 10, 1873.

FRANK QUINN, Esq.—DEAR SIR—While looking over THE CLIPPER of this week, I noticed a poem entitled "The Beautiful Snow." You say, in the heading, that you have searched in vain for the author. I think I can enlighten you some on the question. The lines were written by a woman belonging to the "demi monde" of Cincinnati, who died in one of the hospitals of that city some years ago. The officers of the institution, while looking over her "effects," found the lines. Her name was given in the article I read, which was in *The Christian Advocate*, which I cleaned to pick up while calling on a minister. I did not notice the case particularly, but think it was one of the September issues. The poem was then shown to T. Buchanan Read, who was then residing in that city. He pronounced it a grand piece of composition, and out of respect to the author hollowed her to the grave. It is said that she belonged to an aristocratic family of St. Louis, Mo., but that she left when but fourteen years of age, and was driven from home. Her age at the time of her death was about twenty-three. If I have assisted you in your researches, I shall feel amply repaid. W. L. H.

FARO and its hosts have a rather hard time of it just now, our lynx-eyed police officials driving the tiger-fighters out of their lairs, and inducing them to keep shady in other quarters. Gentlemen who have been accustomed to spend their evenings in "the gilded palaces" of our faro bankers are at a loss what to do with themselves since the "gay gamboliers" have been closed up for repairs.

THERE is to be another tea-party in Boston on the 16th inst., the centennial anniversary of the other entertainment. Instead of throwing the tea overboard, as in the olden time, the tea-totalers of the present day are to "take it in." A great deal has been accomplished since one hundred years ago,

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☞ On the 16th inst., the explosion of the hot-water heater on the Pullman palace-car Dexter blew that splendid vehicle almost to pieces. Fortunately, the car was empty.

☞ A demonstration has been made in San Domingo against President Baez, who is charged with acts of tyranny, misuse of public funds, and the unconstitutional alienation of Samana to an American company.

☞ On the 8th inst., there was an explosion of a boiler in Alexander McNary's saw-mill, near Cambridge, O. Joseph Cresmer the engineer, and a boy named Burt, were killed, and the mill was completely destroyed.

☞ The trial at Albany, N. Y., of Lowenstein, accused of the murder of Weston, a resident of Brooklyn, is set down for Dec. 22, the prisoner having been arraigned on Dec. 8, when he pleaded not guilty.

☞ The House of Representatives on Dec. 8 passed what is known as the General Amnesty Bill; but Congressman Cox's bill granting belligerent rights to the Cubans failed to pass.

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☞ A discrepancy of $34,000 between the Auditor's and Treasurer's accounts has been found with reference to the school fund of Newark, N. J. It required a Citizens' Investigating Committee to find it out.

☞ The Democrats of Manchester, who heretofore had never been able to carry more than one ward, on Dec. 9 elected their candidate for Mayor, and also four out of eight Aldermen.

☞ The steamboat J. S. Lee, belonging to the Rio Grande Railway, struck a snag near Rio Grande City on Dec. 8, and sank in twenty minutes. All hands were saved, but mail and cargo are a total loss.

☞ Baron de Reuter having failed to begin his work of internal improvement in Persia, such as building railroads and telegraph lines, within the time specified, the Shah has declared the contract void.

☞ Gov. Wythe of Maryland has directed that Joseph Davis, a negro, from Lynn in Carroll County, and Wm. McCotter, who killed Robert Jusley, his father-in-law, in Dorchester County, be both hung on Feb. 6, 1874.

☞ At a convention of the leading Northwestern railroads, held at Chicago, Ill., on the 10th inst., it was resolved to grant no more free passes after Jan. 1, 1874.

☞ On Dec. 11 a plea of murder in the second degree was accepted in the case of John McDermott, arraigned in this city for the murder of his wife.

☞ The State Temperance Convention met at Concord, N. H., on Dec. 10, and passed strong prohibitory resolutions.

☞ Bronton, in jail at Peterboro, Canada, under sentence of death for the murder Mrs. Payne and the boy Dunphy, has been reprieved until Dec. 26.

☞ Russia has just issued an imperial ukase, requiring that six out of every one thousand men in that country shall be enrolled in the army.

☞ Judge James Smith has granted a stay of proceedings in the case of Donahue, who was to have been hung in Albany on the 10th inst.

☞ U. S. Judge M. W. Delahay of Kansas, who was threatened with impeachment, tendered his resignation on Dec. 8. President Grant accepted it on Dec. 8.

☞ The Union Hotel, at Wilmington, Del., near East Hampton, Mass., was burned on Dec. 8. Loss, $15,000 to $20,000.

☞ On the 10th inst., Martin F. Conway was indicted for an assault with intent to kill ex-Senator Pomeroy on Oct. 16, in Washington, D. C.

☞ The man Nesbith, who in July last murdered Mrs. Hopwood of Lindsay, Ontario, is to be hanged on the 22d inst.

☞ The Judiciary Committee of the House of Representatives have resolved to report a bill for the total repeal of the bankruptcy law.

☞ A fire in Modoc City, Butler County, Pa., on Dec. 12, spared three-fourths of that place. Loss, $30,000; insurance, $10,000.

☞ Nine thousand Dutch troops belonging to the expedition that lately left Batavia for Acheen have landed without opposition at Menda-sagal. No Rebels are in force. Florida reefs in 1850, to and up the Amazon in 1865, and around the Horn in 1871. Last Summer, he established the Natural History Museum at Neuchatel. His many prizes derived nourishment from the liberality of Mr. Abbot Lawrence, J. A. Lowell of Boston, and Mr. Anderson of this city, who latter of whom not only purchased the island of Penikese, but also endowed it for the use thereon. The deceased was a member of the French Academy of Sciences, of the Royal Society of London, and of our own National Academy. He also held the Monthyon prize and the Cuvier prize from the Paris Academy, the Woolaston medal from the Geological Society of London, and the order of merit from the King of Prussia—Cambridge, Mass., Dec. 14, aged 66.

ADAMS, Seth—Identified long and closely with the commercial and municipal interests of Boston, Mass. In his early years he was the inventor of the power printing-press known as "The Adams," and which was largely improved upon by his brother, afterwards became celebrated among printers for his many ingenious aids to the art of printing, and who is commonly looked upon as the inventor of the Adams press. Both are now dead. Seth Adams was possessed of a large fund of dry humor, which is invested in various corporate enterprises—Newton, Mass., Dec. 7.

ANGIER, Mrs. Lavinia—Widow of John Angier, and one of the original settlers of Belfast, Me.—that place, Dec. 5, aged 89.

ALEXANDER, James—Freight conductor on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. Caught between trains—Camden Station, Baltimore, Dec. 12.

BLAIR, Hon. Mr.—of the Canadian Parliament. Was prominent in connection with the politics of that country, and foremost as an opponent of the Macdonald Ministry—Toronto, Can., Dec. 7, aged 71.

BOYD, J. Kingston—Formerly well-known in connection with the St. Charles Hotel, New Orleans, La. Committed suicide because of poverty and lack of employment—Richmond, Va., Dec. 9.

BROWNELL, Dr. William R.—Physician of Hartford, Ct.—that city, Dec. 1, aged 43.

BUCKLEY, Hon. P. E.—Well-known lawyer of Detroit, Mich.—there, Dec. 4.

BURPEE, Rev. Archibald—Pastor of the Congregational Church at Housatonic, Mass.—that place, Dec. 1, aged 46.

BRAUN, Charles—Orchestra performer—Philadelphia, Pa., Dec. 7.

BRULEY, John M.—An old army telegraph operator, who was held in high esteem. Killed in a quarrel with the proprietor of the Planters' House, Carbondale, Ill., about to be having spilled a little ink on the hotel register while recording his name—that hotel, Dec. 13.

REINEMAN, J. S.—For many years bookkeeper for the Lowell Bleaching Co. of this city, but latterly an employment drove him to suicide—here, about Dec. 8, aged 36.

BRADLEY, Dr. Thomas A.—Physician of Broad street, Philadelphia, Pa.—that city, Dec. 6, aged 55.

CONDIT, Alvin M.—Well-known resident of South Orange, N. J.—that place, Dec. 13.

CARPENTER, David M.—Prominent citizen of Concord, N. H.—there, about Dec. 8, aged 84.

CLARK, Colonel Samuel—Had been a resident of Springfield, Ill., for thirty years—there, Dec. 11, aged 67.

CAPEN, Mrs. Joanna—Wife of John Capen of Boston, and the mother of Rev. Daniel Kingsbury of Walpole, Mass.—Boston, Mass., Dec. 5.

CLAGUE, R.—A resident of New Orleans, and a landscape painter of much note, whose works have commanded attention among connoisseurs in this city—New Orleans, La., Nov. 29.

CONNER, Hon. John C.—Ex-member of Congress from Texas. Born at Noblesville, Ind., and educated at Wabash College. In 1862 he entered the U. S. Army as a lieutenant in the Sixty-third Indiana Volunteers, and served until the close of the war. When, in 1866, the regular army was reorganized, he was made a captain in the Forty-first Infantry, and was serving in Texas when he received the Democratic nomination for Congress. He was elected, and elected again at the expiration of his first term, serving from 1869 to 1873—Washington, D. C., Dec. 13, aged 31.

COX, Marcella T.—Daughter of Judge Joseph Cox of Cincinnati, O.—that city, Dec. 7, aged 18.

CODIT, Captain Ira—An old and prominent citizen of Detroit, Mich.—there, Dec. 4.

DONKIN, Mrs. Cynthia Eliza—Wife of Robert Donkin, Warden of the Halifax Penitentiary—Halifax, N. S., Nov. 29, aged 66.

DOWNING, Mrs. Sophie E. C.—Wife of Dr. John C. C. Downing of Wappinger's Falls, N. Y., and daughter of Sanford Cobb of Tarrytown, N. Y.—the former place, Dec. 11.

DENT, Vance—Wealthy Kentucky farmer. Killed by Sallie Hood, a negro, in 1872, and began the study of law. In his early years he was the inventor of the power printing-press known as "The Adams," and which was largely improved upon by his brother, afterwards became celebrated among printers for his many ingenious aids to the art of printing, and who is commonly looked upon as the inventor of the Adams press. Both are now dead. Seth Adams was possessed of a large fund of dry humor, which is invested in various corporate enterprises—Newton, Mass., Dec. 7.

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DENT, Vance—Wealthy Kentucky farmer. Killed by Sallie Hood, a negro, in 1872, and began the study of law. Drowned at sea—Mr. Ville du Havre, Nov. 22, aged 23.

MOORE, Charles W.—A native of Boston, Mass., a writer of considerable prose and poetry, a distinguished member of the Masonic Order in America, having been made Honorary Past Grand Master of the Grand Lodge by the Eighth building in Edmontown, N. J., were destroyed by fire on Dec. 10. Loss, $25,000.

☞ Nine prisoners escaped from the jail in Butler County, Pa., on the 11th inst.

☞ The American Theatre Comique, Baltimore, Md., was burned on Dec. 12. Loss, $30,000 or th

BASEBALL.

RULES FOR 1874.

FIRST ARTICLE.

The code of rules adopted by the Professional and Amateur Baseball Associations in 1872 was prepared by us in this office, and it was endorsed by the two Associations with scarcely an exception. In 1873 we recommended one change only, and that was all that was made in the rules for last year. The past season's experience has, however, shown very clearly the necessity for several important amendments, and, as before, we respectfully offer a new code with a view of having the rules published, fully discussed and understood before action is taken on the suggestions by the Spring Conventions of 1874. In the first place, we suggest that a change be made in the form of the present code, the latter not being printed in the regular order in which they should be, viz.: firstly, the materials of the game; secondly, the game itself; thirdly, the umpire's duties; then, the pitching department, followed by the batting rules and those governing the base-running, closing with the fielding and miscellaneous rules, and with the championship code as an appendix.

First, we shall proceed to comment upon what the play of the past season has suggested in the way of amendments, and especially what it has shown to be the leading attraction of the game. In this latter respect an analysis of the play shows that sharp fielding in *preventing* runs has more to do with the success of a club than skillful batting in *obtaining* them. Given two nines of equal batting strength and fielding skill, and the best base-running ten will bear off the most trophies of victory, as a matter of course. But given a first-class batting ten, with one of only moderate skill as fielders and base-runners, and oppose these with a first-class fielding ten who are but comparatively weak batsmen, and the result will be that the best fielding ten will win in the long run. This rule experience shows to be correct. Besides this, the best fielding games are invariably the most attractive. The finest fielding game of 1873 was the fourteen-innings contest between the Atlantic and Philadelphia Club nines, and that was marked by a score of 3 runs to 2. Ten thousand persons could be collected if it were possible to insure them so closely contested a match. Next to this was the game between the Athletics and Philadelphias of thirteen innings, marked by a score of 5 to 4; the third best being the 3 to 0 contest between the Boston and Athletic. It is games of this class which attract most, and which are really the most exciting and interesting. The main object, therefore, in making any important changes in the rules, should be to bring the game up to the highest fielding standard, for one thing, and to make the point of excellence that of the most consistent batting and physical ability as requisites in all the departments. It is these objects which have guided us for the past ten years in all the amendments we have introduced in the rules of the game, and this well-known fact has been the cause of our success in having our suggestions so fully endorsed by the fraternity as they have been.

The past season's play has shown pretty plainly that something new would lead to a material increase of interest; and this it is which suggests the coming season as an appropriate time to test these experiments of the ten men and ten innings rule. Thus far, the batting in baseball has had the advantage over the fielding, and it is to bring them more on an equality that it is proposed to introduce the extra fielder. In cricket, eleven men are found barely sufficient to guard the most important positions in the field; while it has been apparent for years that nine men are at least one too few to guard even the most exposed of the positions in the baseball field—a "right-short" fielder being something that has always been wanted in the field an even and uniform appearance. With ten men composing a field a position as would be given for the captain which would enable him to fulfill his duties as a player, and yet be so circumstanced as to have the most favorable opportunities for supervising the play of his men. Here, then, is one good reason for the change. Again, in placing the field so as best to guard exposed points against the skilful batting, it has been found that one of two p ints must be left open to effectual attack unless a tenth man be put in to fill up the gap. If the field desire to get at fair-fouls in time by placing their third baseman on foul-ball ground, they must necessarily leave a wide space open at right-short; inasmuch as the short-stop must move up nearer towards third base to cover that position while the third-baseman is attending to fair fouls; and the second-baseman move nearer to short field, thereby either leaving a exposed position at second base, or a clear space at "right-short." But with a tenth man at command, this exposed point is fully guarded; and in that case the fair-foul balls are looked after, and a fully defended in-field is the result, leaving to the batsman only true batting skills as a means of outwitting the pitcher and of earning bases; and not, as now, by chance hits to unguarded positions. But there is another point in which a tenth man can be used most advantageously. Suppose that the brunt of the battle falls on the *speed* of the pitcher, and that while having a catcher who can stand to the fastest he has only swiftly-pitched balls, you necessarily have to sacrifice many chances for catches off long-hit foul balls back of the catcher's position. By taking your "right-short" from the field and placing him as a sort of long-stop, these missed chances at once become available. Should the batting side excel in batting they can put over the heads of the in-fielders, a tenth man, properly placed, would be enabled to capture many a fly ball out of the reach of the in-fielders, and yet not far enough out for the out-fielders. In fact, the need of a tenth man is so apparent that our only surprise is that there should be the least objection to the change suggested. The objection made against a tenth man, that he would crowd the field and cause collisions between the players, is one which holds good only in the case of a badly trained and undisciplined nine; and it applies with the same force to nine men as to ten. We cannot see any reasonable objection to the change proposed, and we doubt not that the new rule will be tested this coming season in the series of professional championship games. We expect some opposition to it. But we not have opposition to the adoption of the fly rule? Of course, with ten men and a shortened game, will come ten innings as constituting a full game. In a majority of instances the captain of the ten should occupy the position of "right-short," from which point he will be better able to run his field with the most telling effect.

Below will be found Rule First of the amended code suggested by THE CLIPPER for the season of 1874:

RULE FIRST.—MATERIALS OF THE GAME.

THE BALL.

SECTION 1.—The ball must weigh not less than five, nor more than five and one-quarter ounces avoirdupois, and measure not less than nine inches, nor more than nine and one quarter inches, in circumference. It must be composed of india rubber and woollen yarn, and be covered with leather. The quantity of rubber used in the ball shall be one ounce, and the rubber used shall be vulcanized and in mould form.

FURNISHING THE BALL.

2. In the first and odd games of a series the ball shall be furnished by the challenging club, and in the second and even games by the challenged club. But when single game is played, the ball shall be furnished by the challenging club. In all cases it shall become the property of the winning club, as a trophy of victory.

THE BAT.

3. The bat must be round, and must not exceed two and a half inches in diameter in the thickest part. It must be made of wood, and shall not exceed forty-two inches in length.

THE BASES.

4. The bases must be four in number, placed at equal distances from one another, and securely fastened upon each corner of a square whose sides are respectively thirty yards. The bases must be so constructed and placed as to be distinctly seen by the umpire, and shall not cover a space equal to one square foot of surface. The first, second and third bases shall be canvas bags, painted white, and filled with some soft material; the home base shall consist of white marble or stone, so fixed on the ground as to be even with the surface, *and with one corner of it facing the pitcher's position.*

The words and figures in italics is made so as to insure the pitcher's having the full width of the home base to pitch over, instead of the one foot of width he would have were the base to be placed with the square side facing him.)

THE POSITIONS OF BASES.

5. The base from which the ball is struck shall be designated the home base, and must be directly opposite to the second base; the first base must always be that upon the right-hand, and the third base that upon the left-hand side of the striker, when occupying his position at the home base. And in all match games, a line connecting the home and first base and the home and third base, and also the lines of the pitcher's and catcher's positions, shall be marked by the use of chalk, or other suitable material, so as to be distinctly seen by the umpire. The base bag shall be considered the base, and not the point to which it is attached. The line of the home base shall extend three feet on each side of the base, and it shall be drawn parallel to a line extending from first to third base.

In presenting the foregoing amended sections of Rule First we find no necessity for any changes in regard to the dimensions of the ball or the bat, or in connection with the bases except as above referred to, viz., that of having the home base so located as to present its greatest width to the pitcher. In our second article we shall refer to other needed amendments.

MUTUAL CLUB RECORD FOR 1873.

The sixteenth season's play of the Mutual Club of New York closed on the last day of October, 1873, and it was the least creditable to the club of all the seasons in their history. It ended with a record of twenty-nine victories and twenty-four defeats in the championship arena, and a total of thirty-six victories and twenty-nine defeats in the sixty games in which they took part from April to November of 1873. The Mutuals have mustered a strong team in the field for 1873, as far as mere playing strength was concerned; but in the lack of discipline, of efficient generalship, and of earnest efforts to win every game played, to say nothing of the general management of the club, it was the weakest professional nine the club has ever employed. There was material in the nine to have placed them close to the winning post in November, had there been any harmony in their team, or even had every effort been made to win—this fact being plainly shown in those contests in which they earnestly strove for victory. But they did not always play with that unanimity of effort necessary to invariable success, and hence their poor record. One very weak point was at third base, the wild throwing from this position costing them many a lost game. There is nothing like figures for developing the strength or weakness of a nine, and those containing witnesses furnish ample evidence of the weakness of the Mutual nine in this respect in the averages of the season's play given below. For instance, in the Atlantic Club record we find Dehiman credited with putting out 686 players in 58 games, an average of over 12 a match, while Start in 61 games is credited with putting out only 486, an average of but 8 to a game. Whereas, in the assistance rendered in putting players out in their respective positions, Start assisted 26 times to Dehiman's 11. The cause of this difference is found in the inferiority of the Mutual in-field play in throwing to first base, compared with that of the Atlantics, and not to the superiority of Dehiman's play over that of Start; for, as is shown by the record of the assistance rendered where the two players' own work told, Start had the advantage. There is no questioning the fact, therefore, that the poor throwing Start had to contend with the past season told with bad effect on the figures of his average play. It is to the credit of this manly and thoroughly honorable ball-player, that no man in the fraternity excels him in earnest, honest efforts to do his best to win, and Joe Start is to-day the most valuable first-baseman in the arena on this very account. Skilful play is well enough, but it does not stand a moment in the scale with honest play.

The contrast between the play of the Mutual nine during May and June, compared with their play in September and October, is remarkable. In May they won two games, and lost nine; in June they won but three, and lost seven; while in September they won seven, and lost but three; and in October they won six, and lost but one. The club opened the championship season with a good attendance at their contests; but, from the public's lack of confidence in the earnestness of their play, the patronage was reduced from thousands to hundreds. As an illustration of how eagerly our people would patronize legitimate contests between rival club nines, and how indifferent they become where there is either a lack of equality in the strength of contesting nines or an absence of legitimate efforts to win, we have simply to quote the fact of the large attendance of spectators at the first and second games of the Atlantic and Mutual series, and the mere handful of people who witnessed their last games together. The season's play of the Mutual Club in this respect teaches a lesson that club managers would find it to their pecuniary advantage to study.

The following is the record of the Mutual Club for 1873, compiled from the games published in THE CLIPPER:

VICTORIES.

May 14.	Mutual vs. Washington, at Washington	6 to 2
May 30.	Mutual vs. Boston, at Boston	6 4
June 13.	Mutual vs. Baltimore, at Baltimore	11 8
June 21.	Mutual vs. Resolute, at Brooklyn	9 1
June 25.	Mutual vs. Resolute, at Brooklyn	9 4
July 3.	Mutual vs. Washington, at Brooklyn	13 3
July 4.	Mutual vs. Atlantic, at Brooklyn	10 6
July 12.	Mutual vs. Atlantic, at Brooklyn	9 5
July 15.	Mutual vs. Boston, at Brooklyn	13 4
July 17.	Mutual vs. Resolute, at Waverly	13 5
July 24.	Mutual vs. Baltimore, at Brooklyn	11 10
July 26.	Mutual vs. Atlantic, at Brooklyn	7 4
Aug. 7.	Mutual vs. Resolute, at Brooklyn	20 4
Aug. 11.	Mutual vs. Philadelphia, at Philadelphia	6 4
Aug. 16.	Mutual vs. Atlantic, at Brooklyn	12 2
Aug. 30.	Mutual vs. Atlantic, at Brooklyn	11 0
Sept. 2.	Mutual vs. Washington, at Brooklyn	9 0
Sept. 4.	Mutual vs. Athletic, at Philadelphia	7 5
Sept. 9.	Mutual vs. Boston, at Brooklyn	15 3
Sept. 10.	Mutual vs. Philadelphia, at Brooklyn	7 2
Sept. 15.	Mutual vs. Atlantic, at Brooklyn	11 4
Sept. 18.	Mutual vs. Athletic, at Brooklyn	9 4
Sept. 29.	Mutual vs. Philadelphia, at Philadelphia	8 4
Oct. 2.	Mutual vs. Athletic, at Brooklyn	10 4
Oct. 4.	Mutual vs. Philadelphia, at Brooklyn	5 4
Oct. 8.	Mutual vs. Washington, at Brooklyn	17 9
Oct. 10.	Mutual vs. Baltimore, at Brooklyn	7 0
Oct. 13.	Mutual vs. Atlantic, at Brooklyn	18 7
Oct. 21.	Mutual vs. Athletic, at Brooklyn	15 3
Total, 29 victories, with a score of		312 119

DEFEATS.

May 5.	Baltimore vs. Mutual, at Brooklyn	6 to 1
May 12.	Philadelphia vs. Mutual, at Philadelphia	5 4
May 13.	Baltimore vs. Mutual, at Baltimore	11 7
May 15.	Washington vs. Mutual, at Washington	12 6
May 16.	Baltimore vs. Mutual, at Baltimore	12 6
May 17.	Athletic vs. Mutual, at Philadelphia	12 0
May 24.	Athletic vs. Mutual, at Brooklyn	7 6
May 27.	Baltimore vs. Mutual, at Brooklyn	16 9
May 31.	Boston vs. Mutual, at Boston	6 5
June 3.	Boston vs. Mutual, at Brooklyn	10 5
June 7.	Philadelphia vs. Mutual, at Philadelphia	12 3
June 9.	Athletic vs. Mutual, at Philadelphia	23 7
June 10.	Boston vs. Mutual, at Brooklyn	8 3
June 12.	Philadelphia vs. Mutual, at Philadelphia	8 7
June 20.	Athletic vs. Mutual, at Brooklyn	9 6
June 30.	Boston vs. Mutual, at Boston	17 6
July 7.	Philadelphia vs. Mutual, at Brooklyn	11 2
July 8.	Atlantic vs. Mutual, at Brooklyn	12 2
Aug. 9.	Atlantic vs. Mutual, at Brooklyn	4 3
Aug. 23.	Atlantic vs. Mutual, at Brooklyn	6 5
Sept. 20.	Boston vs. Mutual, at Boston	10 9
Sept. 23.	Athletic vs. Mutual, at Philadelphia	13 4
Sept. 27.	Boston vs. Mutual, at Boston	15 4
Oct. 14.	Baltimore vs. Mutual, at Brooklyn	12 4
Total, 24 defeats, with a score of		270 138

EXHIBITION GAMES.

June 28.	Mutual vs. Boston, at Boston	3 5
July 19.	Mutual vs. Atlantic, (Ke ly benefit)	5 9
Sept. 30.	Mutual vs. Boston, at Brooklyn	5 12
Oct. 18.	Mutual vs. Boston, at Brooklyn	6 11
Oct. 25.	Mutual vs. Atlantic, at Brooklyn	4 14
	Mutual vs. Boston, at Boston	

AMATEUR GAMES.

April 24.	Mutual vs. Chelsea, at Brooklyn	24 1
May 28.	Mutual vs. Yale, at New Haven	15 2
May 29.	Mutual vs. Harvard, at Boston	8 3
June 19.	Mutual vs. Jasper of Manhattan College, at Brooklyn	27 3
July 10.	Mutual vs. Olympic, at Brooklyn	26 6
July 23.	Mutual vs. Irvington, at Brooklyn	21 0
Aug. 27.	Mutual vs. Irvington, at Brooklyn	9 7

The following are the batting averages of the twelve players who took part in a majority of the Mutual games in 1873:

BATTING AVERAGES.

	Games.	*First-base hits.*	*Average.*
Eggler	61	105	1-41
Higham	57	94	1-33
Hatfield	61	92	1-31
Holdsworth	61	87	1-26
Nelson	43	65	1-21
Start	61	67	1-13
Gedney	61	67	1- 6
Allison	12	15	1- 2
Martin	36	38	1- 2
Mathews	58	59	1- 1
Hicks	31	32	1- 0
Bellan	8	0	0

We cannot give the average of base-hits according to times at the bat, as the club had no regular scorer, and often played without even a score-book to record the runs. From the above it will be seen that Eggler takes the lead at the bat, his fair-foul hitting—from the best in the arena—being a feature of his batting record against the strongest nines; but, taking all the games together, Hatfield has the best average. Below will be found the fielding averages of the club, no average being recorded when less than one to a match:

IN-FIELDERS.

	Games.	*Put Out.*	*Ave.*	*Assisted.*	*Ave.*
Hicks, c	31	211	6-25	23	0- 0
Allison, c	12	80	6-2	10	0- 0
Higham, r and r. f	57	195	3-24	48	0- 0
Mathews, p	58	33	0- 0	61	1- 3
Start, 1st b	61	486	8- 0	26	0- 0
Nelson, 2d b	43	88	2- 2	71	1-28
Hatfield, 3d b	61	154	2-34	118	1-57
Holdsworth, s s	61	86	1-25	166	2-14
Bellan, 3d b	8	1	0- 0	2	1- 1

OUT-FIELDERS.

Gedney, l. f	61	215	3-22	11	0- 0
Eggler, c. f	61	126	2- 4	16	0- 0
Martin, r. f	36	23	0- 0	6	0- 0

The following table shows the record of runs earned by the Mutual Club in their series of championship contests, they succeeding most against the Boltons of the Atlantics, and least against McBride of the Athletics, in proportion to the games played:

MUTUAL.

	Atlantic.	*Boston.*	*Philadelphia*	*Baltimore*	*Athletic*	*Washington*	*Total.*
Runs earned	27	30	19	18	16	12	122
Single runs earned	17	8	11	7	11	7	61
Double runs earned	1	0	1	2	0	0	4
Home runs	1	2	0	0	0	0	3
Average of earned runs	3	2	2	2	1	1	2

It will be seen that in five of the Baltimore games the Mutuals failed to earn a run, and also in four of their games with the Athletics. Of runs earned by their opponents in matches with the Mutuals, the appended table gives the details:

MUTUAL.

	Atlantic.	*Boston.*	*Philadelphia*	*Baltimore*	*Athletic*	*Washington*	*Total.*
Runs earned	46	29	26	16	16	9	146
Single runs	31	21	20	14	11	8	105
Doubles	1	0	1	0	1	0	3
Blanks	0	1	0	1	0	1	3
Average	3	2	2	1	1	1	2

It will be seen that the Bostons punished the Mutual pitching the most severely.

The appended table shows in how many games the Mutuals succeeded in defeating their opponents in one, two and three innings—that is, where their score in one of their nine innings exceeded the total score of their opponents. It will be seen that they defeated the Baltimores the most times in one inning, and the Atlantics in two innings:

MUTUAL.

	Atlantic.	*Washington.*	*Resolute.*	*Athletic.*	*Philadelphia.*	*Baltimore.*	*Total.*
In one inning	2	1	1	0	0	1	5
In two innings	3	0	0	2	1	0	6
In three innings	2	3	3	2	3	1	14
Totals	7	4	4	4	3	2	26

The appended table shows how the Mutuals were defeated in one, two and three innings' play:

MUTUAL.

	Atlantic.	*Washington.*	*Resolute.*	*Athletic.*	*Philadelphia.*	*Baltimore.*	*Total.*
By one inning	1	0	2	2	0	0	5
By two innings	2	1	2	0	2	0	7
By three innings	3	5	0	0	0	1	9
Totals	6	6	4	2	2	1	21

The following is the record of the games the Mutuals won, lost and played in the championship arena:

MUTUAL.

	Atlantic.	*Boston.*	*Philadelphia*	*Baltimore*	*Athletic*	*Washington*	*Resolute.*	*Total.*
Games won	7	5	4	4	3	1	4	29
Games lost	1	4	4	4	6	6	0	24
Games played	9	9	8	8	9	9	4	53

HANDBALL MATCHES.—Jim Dunn and Barney McQuade, of Brooklyn, L. I., contended against Messrs Ludge and Fleming of Philadelphia, in a double-handed match at handball at Casey's court, Douglass street, Brooklyn, Dec. 8. The Brooklynites were favorites at odds and their fine play justified the confidence reposed in them. The match was the best three in five, and Dunn and McQuade won easily the first, third and fourth games by the respective scores of 21-16, 21-12 and 21-13, the Philadelphians being credited with the second game by a score of 21 to 13.....The ball court at 993 Carpenter street, Philadelphia, was the centre of attraction last week to large numbers, the principal match being one played on Thursday afternoon, Dec. 11, in which McGranahan and O'Hara were opposed to Judge and Magan. Some extremely fine playing was shown, McGranahan and O'Hara especially distinguishing themselves, and the result was they won two games right off the reel by the respective scores of 21 to 20 and 21 to 14.

PHIL. CASEY of the City of Churches, called upon us on Dec. 15, in relation to a proposed handball match with Philadelphia players, which was broached after the conclusion of the contest in the former city on the 8th inst. He desires us to state that he has to play any two men in the Quaker City a match at handball, home-and-home, best out of eleven games, the first five to be played in Philadelphia, and the other six in Brooklyn. The match to be for $200 a side, and the opening games to take place on Monday, Dec. 29, upon the conclusion of which the date of playing the balance will be settled. Phil. leaves with us the deposit placed in our hands in support of his challenge to the Chicagoans.

THE AMATEUR CLUB MEETING.—The meeting of representatives from the prominent amateur baseball clubs of the metropolis and its vicinity, named for Wednesday night, Dec. 17, at the Astor House, New York, will serve the interests of the amateur fraternity, or otherwise, according as the object in view is to either—make the March Convention of the Amateur Baseball Association a success, or to organize a new association. That a convention of amateur clubs is needed, the past season's experience leaves no doubt, if only to put a stop to the revolving which was indulged in, and also, once for all, to distinctly define the term "amateur" as applied to baseball clubs.

THE MUTUAL TEN FOR 1874.—We understand that the Mutual ten for 1874 will consist of Allison c, Mathews p, Start 1st b, Carey 2d b, Hatfield 3d b, Burdock s s, Nelson r s, A. Allison l f, Remsen c f, and Higham r f.

A MATCH AT HANDBALL will be played at the court No. 111 Douglass street, Brooklyn, N. Y., on Wednesday afternoon, Dec. 17, in which "the two Jims" (no connection with the jams) will be opposed to Barney McQuade and Phil. Casey.

MAIN IN DETROIT.—A main of cocks between Detroit and Brockville, Ont., has been arranged to come off at the former place on Dec. 31 and Jan. 1. The conditions are to show 21 cocks at weights ranging from 4lb 6oz. to 6lb 4oz., and fight all that may weigh in, give and take 2oz., for $100 each battle and $1,000 on the odd fight deciding the main. Outside fighting will continue throughout the week, and parties from any place wanting to fight single matches will be accommodated if present.

BILLIARDS.

BREVITIES.

L. P. Newhall of Boston contemplates a trip to San Francisco with Albert Garnier, as soon as the latter shall be at liberty.....William Merrick, the enterprising roomkeeper of New Haven, Ct., was in town on the 9th inst., and left us his compliments, together with a New Year's cake warranted to keep.....Ralph Benjamin, who challenged Mattie Hewitus to French caroms when the latter was last in Gotham, is just dying for a shy at Mattie. Ralph cannot understand why Mattie hesitates; "story," argues Ralph, "he can beat *me*." But a sly old fox is Ralph, with his old-time strategic tactics, which tell between such players as Hewins and himself.....The father of Lon Morris, Jr., served a writ of attachment on the recent Massachusetts tourney to secure the return of his son's entrance-money, and afterwards begged that young Lon, who is under age, be allowed to play. Such is the almost incomprehensible story told of a turfman by *The Boston Herald*.....$20 a month is the wage of the best fifteen-ball-pool player receives at Cyrille Dion's. But in order to get his pay he must during the month have holed the greatest number of balls in one inning.....Albert Garnier is now in New Orleans, to fulfill his engagement with Charles Lecume. Meanwhile, his room is crowded nightly, chiefly by gentlemen of his own nationality.....Garnier's is about the only room in the metropolis that is crowded. Maurice Daly's, too near Garnier's, now that American billiard-players have given away their game and their table, and have nothing to show for their skill, is doing nothing; and Cyrille Dion's but a three-quarter business. This concludes the list of the great players of the metropolis, now that John Deery is tolling for a stipend in Jersey City, and William Goldthwait is looking for a stray bone in Bath, Me.....Somebody has stolen all the balls from the billiard-room in Chicago conducted by Michael Geary.....George E. Phelan was in Springfield, Mass., on the 8th.....The Massachusetts Billiard Congress held a meeting in Boston a few evenings ago, and passed a resolution calling upon Edward J. Kendall, who was expelled from the three-ball tournament in that city, to resign the champion cue of the four-ball game into the hands of the Congress.....Louis Shaw, the Omaha expert, now in charge of the billiard department at McKinley's in this city, is improving rapidly, and will bear watching. Otherwise he will be heard from at no distant date as an unexpected winner.....Ex-Alderman Webb's new room, fitted up with five Collender tables, was opened on the night of the 12th inst. The Dions were among the players.....The question of calling a meeting of professionals in this city is being agitated. The objects are to straighten out the billiard affairs, and to give something to American players from the apparent wreck, in a professional sense, of the American game. The present discussion has been brought about by THE CLIPPER'S article on "The End of Cushions" in professional contests, which has not only been copied by other journals, but has met the approbation of American players, and likewise of professionals, who, like Cyrille Dion, are not American players in any strict sense. It is conceded upon all sides that something should be done; but we have no settled idea that any meeting of the roomkeepers was called for years past. A roomkeepers was called for the purpose of reducing national taxation on billiard tables. The tax was reduced through the personal exertions in Washington of a man now dead; but only Michael Phalen, Daniel Deane of Brooklyn, and one or two others attended the meeting, in the object of which all the roomkeepers and manufacturers in the country were interested. There is, however, more need now than ever before of a Billiard Association. It should be a national one, when it is formed. And check one of the things to come under the association should be the rules governing four and four ball billiards and pin and ball pool, which in this country, as is complained of as being also the case in England, have become sadly mixed up through billiard-table makers sending out conflicting codes in the same boxes in which they pack billiard-tables. This is an evil which has risen to such a height that THE CLIPPER has now very often to advise disputants, both of whom are pardonably correct in the antagonistic views they take of the same point in play, to draw their wagers.....Albert Garnier and Perault Rudolphe, as scheduled, will performs us, billiarding in Havana, having reached there from South America. Doubtless the war-cloud hovering over Cuba attracted him, as did the war-cloud at Sedan in 1870; and as he came here after Sedan, so is he likely to come here, now that the war-cloud has vanished from Cuba. Cyrille Dion, who has learned to love Rudolphe as his especial mutton, anxiously awaits the latter's fifth grand entry into Gotham; but Rudolphe will probably pass Cyrille by as being *ex-officio* not high enough game, and go direct at Garnier, who was not champion of the world when game was very low here, as the contest in Apollo Hall, in which Garnier was given fifteen per cent. and was beaten fifteen per cent. more, attested by developing upon the part of "The Hero of Sedan" playing that has never been surpassed. However, it would be just like Rudolphe, should he open a room in the Fifth Ward of this city. It is to be furnished with three of George E. Phelan's tables.....A room with two of the same maker's "Bevels" has been added to the attractions of the Grand Central Hotel, Denver, Col.....Joseph Dion is in this week pay, his home a visit, and will probably remain over during the holidays.....At a meeting of the Massachusetts Billiard Congress, held on Dec 6, it was resolved that the $50 entrance-fee apiece paid by the six contestants in the tourney that closed the night before be refunded to them. This means that the tournament was not a failure in its pecuniary aspect.....Clark E. Wilson, for the best run made in that series of games, was presented with a gold chain having a raised billiard table with balls and cues on the obverse side, and a suitable inscription on the reverse. The presentation was the gift of Mr. D. upon the reverse. The presentation was the gift of Mr. D. T. Pulis Fee, one of the contestants.....Albert Garnier is somewhat of the same opinion as THE CLIPPER when, last week, it said that "it is only a question of time when both Maurice Daly and George Slosson will fetch." Garnier as at that Slosson is destined to be the best player in this country. But several men have their predilections; and Ubassy has in France an amateur who is compelled to become the best player in the world.....Capt. Tom Reeves on Dec. 11 started on his usual winter trip to Florida, where he kills time by shooting alligators. A New Orleans correspondent informs us that Charles Lacoume is in negotiation with George Slosson of Chicago, and it is expected that that expert will assist Garnier in the series of exhibit ons to be given in the Rotunda of the St. Charles Hotel. Another correspondent communicates the fact that Jacob Bernard telegraphed from Louisville, Ky., on the 9th inst., which fact made him due at New Orleans on the 9th, and his first exhibition was thereupon fixed for the afternoon of the 10th. The public are to be admitted free to the afternoon entertainments, but taxed fifty cents apiece at night.....At John T. Reeves' room, last week, that gentleman and George T. Stone encountered each other at three-ball caroms, the latter winning three out of four games of 100 points each. They next played 200 up, and Stone, whose best three runs footed up 103 points, beat Reeves out of sight. Finally, Stone was induced to attempt to discount Reeves, and failed miserably, not having a point left when his antagonist got to the end of his string.....A gentleman in Saratoga, N. Y., has patented a cue-leather that dispenses with chalk. It is faced with indiarubber. The idea itself is not new, as rubber in connection therewith.....George Stone is anxious to get on a match at the three-ball game with Melvin Foster of Norwich. Stone claims to be champion of Connecticut, and at all events the rank lies between him and Foster.....The latest patent in billiards is a cushion, assigned to S. Hopper of St. Louis, Mo., with a "buffer" inside of it. "Duffer" cusions are no novelty, but "buffer" is fresh.....The idea of that colossal room at the South End, Boston, which was to have been opened under the joint proprietorship of Albert Garnier of this city, and L. F. Newhall of that, has been abandoned.

CARD FROM EDWARD G. KENDALL.

The subjoined communication is in reference to the recent action of the Billiard Congress of Massachusetts in so hurriedly expelling one of its members without, as that member informs us, according to his own statement, any opportunity to appear and answer the several accusations recounted in our last:

BOSTON, Dec. 13, 1873.

EDITOR OF THE NEW YORK CLIPPER:—Knowing that you are devoted to the interests of fair-play, I am confident you will make room in the columns of your excellent paper for the following statement in vindication of my character as a billiard-player, which has been so cruelly assailed in the local journals of this city. Probably no player ever entered a tournament with such an antipathy against him as myself in the principal three-ball tournaments towards myself. An evidence of this feeling was shown in an attempt to bar me from competing—an attempt which failed through the responsible charges and belief of the strongest opposition of the president of the Massachusetts Billiard Congress, Mr. Edward Daniels. Entering the tournament under such circumstances, I was prepared for but little of encouragement, but did not anticipate such unfair treatment in my first contest as I received at the hands of the referee, Clark E. Wilson, who gave two palpably unjust decisions against me, and who refused to entertain my umpire's demand that my opponent be kept from too close proximity to the table while I was playing. And when I was not enough to discount a player, I was so badgered and annoyed by persons seemingly hired for the purpose, that is a moment of excitement I suffered a loss of temper, and my decision in the referee were not impartial. At the conclusion of the game I was assaulted by a man, who sarcastically congratulated me upon the result of the game in which I was beaten, and when I requested to be left alone he struck me in any manner. I defended myself to the best of my ability; "and this was the height of my offending." But it was enough to expel me from the so-called Billiard Congress, which is generally influenced in its actions by a certain roomkeeper in this city, and the only claim of which organization to public respect consists in its being presided over by a gentleman. As to the formal demand of this august body to surrender the emblem of the four-ball championship, now in my possession, I can only say that when I am fairly beaten in a public contest for the same I will surrender it most cheerfully. Until such an event takes place, I sign myself, very respectfully,

EDWARD G. KENDALL, Champion of Massachusetts.

MILLER vs. MAGGIOLI.

The Odds-giver Defeated by a Score of 600 to 273.

The preliminaries of the match at three-ball caroms, as to which Henry Miller of New Orleans contracted to give Frank Maggioli, also of that city, the extraordinary odds of 200 points in a game of 600, were recounted in our last week's issue. The contest took place in the Rotunda of the St. Charles Hotel, N. O., the attendance of spectators being uncommonly large. Miller was the favorite at 100 to 60, not only from the fact that he is a professional himself, but also because he had frequently encountered such professionals of note as Carme, Joseph Dion and Ubassy; while Maggioli, who is champion of amateurs in that section of the country, was comparatively lacking in experience. But on this occasion, as on many a prior one, the favorite was undone. He had given his antagonist too long a start, and, failing to draw together at the outset, fell farther and farther behind, until at the close he was 327 in rear. Maggioli having a surplus of 127 without the odds. Miller, who has seldom made so poor an average as in this contest, was beaten at all points, even as to the best run. Notwithstanding his splendid victory, Maggioli only equaled his best prior run by but two points, and fell considerably short of the average he reached on the occasion of his making that run of 60. His average against Miller was 5.40-72, and his best run was 62. Miller, whose best run was 42, averaged 3.57 72. The time was two hours and twenty minutes, the table a 4½x9 carom, and the balls 2¾ths. John Miller, brother of Henry, was the latter's umpire, and Amateur Albert Hoa, well known in this city, officiated in the like capacity for Maggioli. Arthur Coste was the referee. The contest was for $100 a side.

UBASSY VS. GARNIER.—Francois Ubassy has, through the Chicago papers, challenged Albert Garnier to play him at the three-ball game, 600 points up, for $1,000 a side; and Garnier, availing himself of electricity, has telegraphed Chicago that he will answer Ubassy's cartel when he shall have arrived in New Orleans.

MASSACHUSETTS CHAMPIONSHIP.—John Hickey, chief winner in the recent tournament at Bumstead Hall, Boston, was on Dec. 6 challenged by B. Frank Dennison. The latter, until quite recently connected with a prominent room in Boston, Mass., is now employed in Salem, Mass.

THERE IS A LETTER in our care directed to Charles Dignon.

THE TURF.

MEETING OF THE BOARD OF APPEALS.

Decision in the Hopeful Case.

The Board of Appeals of the National Trotting Association met in regular session at the Everett House, in this city, on Tuesday morning, the 9th inst., for the transaction of business and the adjudication of the many important cases brought before them. The members of the Board present at the opening of the session were Messrs. T. J. Vail of Hartford, Ct., C. J. Hammill of Buffalo, N. Y., Gates H. Barnard of Troy, N. Y., and George Sturgis of Philadelphia, Pa. The president, Amasa Sprague of Providence, R. I., was unavoidably absent, and Mr. Vail was elected chairman *pro tem.* The first business transacted was the calling over of the continued cases on the old docket, that of Col. Jennison vs. Messrs. Sprague & Akers being the most important. It was held over, Mr. Vail stating that the report of the committee sent to Kansas to investigate the charges would in all probability be made during the current session. The other cases were disposed of.

The new docket comprised thirty-four cases, on all of which evidence was produced pro and con, and in many of them counsel on both sides were heard. The Board continued in public session until 1 o'clock morning, when they went into executive session, and finished their labors on Sunday. In only one case but that the most important and interesting brought before them, has the Board yet announced a decision. This is in the famous Hopeful case, in which the gray gelding of that name, with his owner, D. C. Chase, and driver, W. H. Avery, were expelled by the Prospect Park Association for alleged fraud on September 27 last. The circumstances were as follows: In a purse of $1,000, for horses that had never beaten 2:45, given by that Association, there were 14 entries and 11 starters, among them the horses Hopeful, Everett Ray and Miller. Everett Ray won the first heat in 2:30; Miss Miller the second heat in 2:32¼; Hopeful coming out fifth and seventh respectively. The judges were then appealed to by a number of gentlemen who believed that a gross fraud was being perpetrated in the interests of the party, and who proffered the customary $50 fee for a change of drivers. The judges, exercising their legitimate authority, and recognizing the justice of the appeal, at one removed Jarvis from behind Hopeful and substituted Charley Green as driver. The result was quickly seen in the next heat, in which Hopeful took the lead from the start and won the following heats with ease in 2:26, 2:27, 2:25. The judges, satisfied that the time made was a plain evidence of fraud on the part of the owner, Chase, expelled him, and his driver, Jarvis, and the gray gelding Hopeful from the association. The Prospect Park Association at once notified the secretary of the National Association of their action in the matter, and he in turn promptly notified associate members of the

"ARTINE."

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Wells answering Oliver Dowd Byron's historical drama of "Donald McKay," and dedicated to Miss Ada Clarke, Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia.

My soul is filled with love for one
(But in a dream, I've seen her face)—
Whose hazel eyes and flowing hair,
And form exquisite I can trace.

Then, mounted on that brow so proud,
A crown that speaks an Indian Queen—
There's marked within her very gait
As proud a maid as e'er was seen.

She speaks! Those lips, those teeth so white—
Those features carved with greatest care—
Those well-formed limbs, those dainty hands,
Proclaim that thou art *more* than fair.

Speak once again, my beauteous Queen!
And let me on thy features gaze,
For now my heart with new-born love
Turns unto thee in wildest praise.

I see—what now? An Indian brave
Hold tight within his fond embrace,
Then, like the sun at early morn,
Steal golden dew-drops from her face.

He tells her—oh, I see it all—
A maiden fair his heart hath won.
Ah! see her now—love turns to hate!
Her heart is broke, his work is done.

O mighty chieftain of the brave!
Why pleak a mountain rose so rare,
Then toss it scornful from thy feet
A thing so helpless, yet so fair!

Weep not, Artine. Hero, go!
No brave warrior more is he
Than he who wins the hears of one,
Then blasts that love eternally.

The curtain falls. O vision, come!
And bear my soul o'er life's sweet stream;
Bring back, as on my couch I rest,
Art ne's face, though in a dream.

November 27, 1873. LIN NOTROM.

THE TURN OF A CARD.

A STORY OF THE CRESCENT CITY.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY VANDYKE BROWN.

CHAPTER XVII.—CONTINUED.

At the moment when Tub produced the handcuffs, Dick gave a sudden spring through the doorway leading into the adjoining room. In this room there was a window opening onto the side of the house. The window was fastened securely, but Dick did not attempt to raise it, but threw himself bodily against the sash, shivering it into a thousand pieces. He landed on the outer side, as he had expected. But he landed likewise, not at all as he had expected, in the very clutches of a lusty officer! Tub jumped toward the window and reached it just in time to see his "bird" securely "nabbed" by his assistant.

"There, now," he exclaimed, handing down the "bracelets," "you see how foolish you were, Dick. You've broken a couple of dollars' worth of glass and cut yourself badly in the bargain, and get right square into the first "trap." Take it easy, my lad. That's the way! Take it easy!" And the philosophical detective turned from the shattered casement to look after the prize snatched from the officer's claws!

While all this had been enacting, Florence had stood with one hand resting on the back of a chair, the other pressed against her bosom, which rose and fell like a tumultuous sea—her lips parted, her breath coming quick and short—not daring to trust that what she beheld—the hour of deliverance, the glad moment of restoration, had in truth come. Tub spoke to her twice for the first time, and his kindly words and cheery voice thrilled her with hope, and made her bright eyes fill with tears that were sweet to shed.

"Now, Miss Florence, I've got a cab out here a-purpose for you, and we'll get right in and drive home."

The words sat her all in a tremble again, and she clung to the arm of the big detective like a very child.

"There!" said he soothingly, "it's all right now! Put on your things, and before you know it we'll be at your father's."

Laughing and crying together, Florence did as he told her. And they passed out of the gloomy old building into the bright sunshine of the December morning. And the crisp air brought the color to the fair cheek, sending the rich blood coursing through her veins as it had not coursed for many a day! Only to look at compressed the motive which might have prompted Dick Delano to play so desperate a game. Surely, there never was a fairer prize!

The detective seated Florence in one of the carriages, and then turned to Dick, whom the two "cops" were conducting toward the second vehicle. A sorry spectacle did the son of the late Joshua Kendall present, with his white face cut and bleeding, his fine clothes torn and disordered, and the vulgar steel bracelets encircling his wrists.

"Bad policy, Dick!" exclaimed the good-natured Tub, "to try and get away from your friends—when they're doing their best to help you. Shouldn't attempt it again. It's out of the frying-pan into the fire, you see! And speaking of frying-pans—where's the wench?"

Tub proceeded to answer this query himself, by returning to the house, where he found the negress shaking like a withered bough in a hurricane, and speechless from fright.

"Come along, Juno!" shouted the detective, as he took hold of her arm. "Want you to take a ride!"

"Lor', massa, dis nigger ain't done a ting at all!" protested the trembling hag. "Neber done nuffin to keep dat gal here—was gwine to let her go as soon as eber I'se could! What's de use, now, of takin' dis ole nigger!"

But Tub remained fixed in his purpose, and Lois was forced to bear him company.

So the two cabs drove back to the city. Florence, clinging like a vine to the sturdy oak, hung upon the arm of Tub as though she feared some dreaded power would snatch him from her. And he was father and lover and home and friends to the rescued girl.

This cab drove to the residence of Richard Tucker.

Between the two guardians of the public welfare Dick Delano sat very quiet, and spoke no word. Perhaps he was repenting of his madness; perhaps he was repenting of his madness; perhaps he was thinking of what would have happened had the ace turned on the losing pile.

This cab drove to the police headquarters!

CHAPTER XVIII.
BY WAY OF DESSERT.

How shall I describe the scene which took place at the house of Richard Tucker upon the arrival of Florence? How shall I tell the joy-cry which filled the hearts of those that had mourned, as for one dead, over the priceless treasure now restored? How shall I portray the feelings of the fond father as he wept over his child, snatched from a fate worse than death? Or of Frederic Mayo, as he clasped the loved form again to his breast—truly dearer for what she had suffered, for all he had endured?

How shall anyone describe, or tell, or portray the feelings of Florence herself, as she felt the warm kiss of love upon her lips, and knew the sweet moment of restoration had come? How she trembled even then, as the memory of what had passed came over her! How she shuddered at the thought of that past ever again becoming the present! How dear to her were all the familiar faces, all the surroundings of home! How long, and yet how indistinct, seemed the time which had elapsed since that terrible night when Robert Kendall had offered his company for "an evening's stroll!" And all the particulars of that week—which seemed a year—were cold and told again, until they became as a dream, horrible, yet lacking reality. Florence knew then, for the first time, of Dick Delano's assumed character. Was she not very thankful, when she learned, too, that it was this which had prompted Mayo to visit New Orleans? So, after the black cloud came the sunshine full of golden warmth.

Then the eyes grew moist over the scene, and he remarked "he'd be dogged if he ever expected to do as much good in the world, and he shouldn't probably again!" And as for thanking him, the big-hearted detective was fairly loaded down with the expressions of gratitude he received. Out of sheer modesty he withdrew at last, with his round face all covered with blushes, as though he were a schoolgirl detected in writing a love note.

They placed Mr. Dick Delano in a cell at the First Precinct Station-house, and with his face bound up in linen cloths—or it was badly cut—he was given time to meditate on the unfortunate affair in which he had wrongly, and the varying shapes which fortune is wont to assume. But it is somewhat doubtful whether the time thus afforded him was spent in reflection of such a nature. From subsequent events, it is to be believed that his thoughts were of a more practical stamp; and on this occasion. That day after his successful "nabbing of the bird." Tub Caton called at the house of Mr. Tucker. When he had got through with the hearty welcomes his presence called forth, he seated himself in a chair, and broke out into a good-natured laugh, without offering any explanation as to the cause.

"Well, Tub, what is it?" asked Mayo.

Restraining his merriment, Tub made answer:

"I'm blowed if I didn't expect it! And I warned 'em, too—but it didn't make no difference! I said 'twas pre-sharp, and dogged if he wasn't! Too sharp for any of 'em? He's gone, sure!"

"Who?" inquired Florence.

"Why the bird—Delano—Robert Kendall! He's flown as pretty as you ever saw! He aint left even a feather! And how he did, it's beyond Tub!"

"How he did it" was never precisely known by anyone. How Mr. Dick Delano slipped out of the fingers of Justice, even when that blind goddess had secured a firm hold upon him, remained, always more or less of a mystery. It was rumored, to be sure, that a keen-eyed, sharp-featured gentleman, with something of a ministerial bearing about him, had called at the First Precinct Station-house on the morning after Dick's capture—had been shown into the presence of Mr. Robert Kendall, had remained in earnest conversation with the officer on guard, and had then taken his departure. It was further rumored that, in a short time after, the trusty officer on duty had been moved to leave his post because of some pressing business, and that, on his return, the cell occupied by Dick Delano was found to be without an occupant. All the other prisoners were safe, which rendered it only the more mysterious how Cell 3 should have been opened. There was no picking of the lock, no sawing of bolts or prying of bars; the door had been opened without any of the click of the "open sesame!"

Whether dust had been thrown into the eyes of the officer on guard, either by Dick himself or the ministerial-appearing gentleman who had visited the former, was never known. Some few asserted that the dust had been thrown, not into the eyes, but into the pocket of the custodian! And yet this was only a theory, stoutly denied by the custodian himself.

Whatever the manner of his escape, Mr. Dick Delano was never seen again within the boundaries of New Orleans. A diligent search was instituted by the authorities, but it proved fruitless. It was said that a man with his face bound in linen cloths took passage on the steamer Melville, which sailed for South America on the very day Dick Delano escaped from the clutches of the law. If this was not Dick Delano, it was at least a coincidence.

The announcement which Tub made caused a good deal of surprise and some regret. The villain had eluded justice and escaped the penalty of his evil-doing—this was wrong. But with Florence sitting between them, bright and happy, neither the father nor the lover cared very much whether Dick Delano broke stone for the State or played poker in S—th America—provided that in either case they never saw him again. Such a feeling, doubtless, was not to hold up the majesty of the law in due reverence; but nevertheless it was human nature.

As for Bat, a man was shot in a St. Louis gambling-hell, something more than two years ago, and taken to the hospital. An hour before his eyes closed in death he turned to the physician at his side and said:

"This ends it, Doc! I've got to throw up my hand—and I'm not sorry! I have n't been more than a tray in the pack—and my going won't be missed! I've generally dealt square, but the times are changing badly! The profession is falling into the hands of cheats. They play slick games now! I never could go a skin-game!"

And with that the thin lips closed forever.

This chapter is given "by way of dessert." And what shall the dessert be? The old one, which is always in order, as strawberries and cream are always palatable, no matter how varied or highly seasoned the other dishes may have been? For dessert, then, I invite the reader to the residence of Richard Tucker. It is Christmas night. Never before did the Christmas-time bring such peace and good-will so all the household as it did in that year of '59. Never before did such fullness of joy, such holy thanksgiving, come to the hearts of them all. The shadow which but a little while before had hovered over the house now softened the sunshine, and lent a mellowness to joy. There was music, and feasting, and peals of merry laughter; there were orange-blossoms in the dark hair of Florence Tucker; there were fair girls, in robes all white, whose eyes sparkled and whose cheeks glowed; there was Frederic Mayo, in clothes suspiciously new, and with cravat unmistakably white; there was the clergyman in his flowing gown, and the Liturgy in his hand; there were rare gifts of silver and gold—and with all these, could there be anything else than a marriage?

This for dessert, and

THE END.

MY FIRST STORY.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY FANNY HUNT.

"Why! who on earth would have thought of meeting you on Broadway? When did you arrive, and who brought you out, and where are you going to act?"

"O Julia dear! I am indeed glad to have met you. Why, I heard you were traveling with a company, though I thought at the time that that was not the sort of thing you cared for. You were always one to remain stationary. Where am I going to act? Why, in New York, of course. I think four thousand miles quite far enough to travel, without going farther. I brought *myself* out. I would not run the risk of being brought out by some speculator, who, as soon as he had served his own purpose, would break any engagement I might have made over on the other side. I am here expecting to make my fortune, either by acting or by marrying a millionaire. I am told every other man you meet in New York is a millionaire. I was just wondering as I met you, whether I had seen my millionaire in the crowd. Really, though, Julia, I am glad to see you—'real glad,' as they say over here."

"I am sorry, Nelly, you have come out here without an engagement to go to, though there is plenty of room for you; but the difficulty is to get the first opening. I have been waiting a long time, but it has been greatly my own fault—I wanted too much for one manager. He was asked to set me going by one who knew I only wanted a proper opening to show what I understood my business; and he knew, too, what I could do, for I played with him a little way from here, though the part was out of my present line of business. Still, strange as it was, I got several rounds of applause. But that was no good. I don't keep a carriage, nor do I indulge in diamonds—only *paste*!"

"It is a shame that you have not had a chance! Well, I shall go to all the managers and ask them to give you a chance. Then, if I fail, I shall walk back—or rather the steamer shall walk me back—before I have spent all my money; for I, like you, *live* by my profession."

"But, Julia dear, is it really true that you written a story? I saw one in *The* ——— at Mr. English our agent's. He said it was yours. I never knew you could write anything. I couldn't, if I was starving—I don't think I could write two lines to save my soul. I felt so strange while I was reading that one, though, knowing *you* had done it."

"Don't say you *couldn't* write a story, Nelly. Wait until you have to deal with stony-hearted landladies—wait until you stand in a hall, with nine trunks full of 'queenly robes,' and are not allowed to enter your room until you pay your rent in advance—wait until you have spent the last English sovereign you have brought out with you, and you have not had a chance of earning any greenbacks—wait until you are a week's-rent short, and you point out to the stony-hearted landlady your nine trunks of 'queenly robes' as a security, and she tells you that your 'queenly robes' shall very soon be put on the sidewalk if you don't walk out with your money in advance, and you see seven starving, large-eyed, dirty children clinging to the skirts of stony-hearted landlady, drinking in their mother's eloquence, and so receiving a lesson how to act *their* stony-hearted parts when they are big enough—then to know that these seven young hopefuls will go and tell the whole neighborhood that the great tragedienne with nine trunks of queenly robes cannot pay their mother the week's rent. I tell you, dear, a dumb animal would write a story under those circumstances. Barnum's Dying Zouave would make an effort, even if he died before he finished it. But come home with me, and let's have a good long talk about dear old London and about your dear self, and I will tell you how I wrote my first story. There is one man at least who has given me pleasant memories to carry back with me, should I ever return."

"Who is he, and what's his name, Julia?"

"Well, his name is—I shall have to whisper it. Did you catch it?"

"Yes."

"And he is editor of—well, I suppose I ought to whisper that, as well. Editor of *The* ———. Did you catch that too?"

"Oh, yes. I know the paper, Julia. Why, it's the very one I saw your story in at Mr. English's. I used to see *The* ——— before I came over here. Between you and me, it is of great service to professionals like ourselves. But what is this Mr. ——— like? He must be nice."

"I am *sure* he is nice, but I cannot tell you what he is like. I have never seen him, although I have felt his goodness in his dollars, as also has that stony-hearted landlady I was picturing for you. But here we are, arrived at last. You must not mind the stairs. You know, dear, all 'first stories' are written in a garret."

"Why, Julia dear, though you are laughing, yet I really believe there are tears in your eyes! You ought to be awfully jolly over writing a story and having it accepted, though everyone liked it, and thought it funny. But why did you choose a sad one for you subject? I'd have written a love-story, or a good ghost-story, or even a horrible-murder story. It's only mothers that care for reading about children. I declare, one would think you were a mother; for you have written three stories, and all of them are about youngsters."

"I will tell you why my pen ran upon children. But first let's get up these blessed stairs. Don't expect anything grand when you arrive at the top. You know I am out of an engagement, but nevertheless I fancy the funds will stand a glass of lager or two."

"Stop, Julia! You know I have only just arrived, and have nearly all my capital. Let's forego lager, or whatever you call it, and let's talk about old times over a glass of champagne, or I shall get miserable myself."

"No, indeed; I didn't. A dull despair had taken possession of me, and I was again thinking of 'all the things that had been.' I said to myself, 'It's only a circular about 'Beautiful for Ever,' or a letter from my agent, wanting me to travel two thousand miles to play, for one night, something totally out of my line; or the swell manager is in a fix, wanting someone to go on at a moment's notice. Something miserable, I thought. But somehow my curiosity got the better of me, and I got up, and took the letter. I studied the outside a long time before I opened it, saying to myself, 'It's nothing. No "managerial arms" on it. Perhaps it's a letter from someone else with a stony-hearted landlady wanting to borrow something from me to save *her* goods from being sold for rent—a fine thing to ask it. I had forgotten my story. It was a letter from the editor of *The* ——, telling me to call at the publication office of that journal for money for my story."

"O Julia dear! what you must have felt!"

"Well, Nelly, if I live for a thousand years, I shall never forget that day. The swell manager who had kindly offered to send my story to the editor of *The* ——— was away starring; but I inclosed that letter to him, begging of him to return it, as I intended to have it framed. And he did return it, but it will be framed to recall the most miserable moments of that day. I was very soon at *The* ——— office again, still feeling a little guilty. I got enough, with what I had, to settle with my stony-hearted landlady; and in a few days I received money from England, so that my nine trunks of queenly robes had a right of peace."

"But they ought to respect you, with so much baggage."

"They don't, though. You see, the laws are different here. They can't keep your baggage if you get into debt, and that makes them savage. Ha! I thought I was a brown-paper parcel. I would have been thought as much of—in fact, more, as that would have been easier to remove to the sidewalk than the nine trunks of queenly robes."

"Where are the 'nine trunks' now?"

"You may well say—where are they? The baggage-men have smashed them all—all but a basket, and that wouldn't smash. One large trunk was so smashed that a queenly chignon got unpinted and streamed through one of the sides of the trunk, so that when the baggage-man arrived at the hotel the agent of the troupe came and told me that none of the men would move the wrecked trunk—they thought it contained a corpse. I went to see what was the matter, and I did certainly look very peculiar to see long woman's hair streaming out. I assured them it was only some stage-agony locks that had broken loose."

"Well, Julia, you have borne a lot. I should have killed myself."

"You are only just out. Wait until your capital is spent."

"Oh, I shall try and look out for the millionaire!"

"Well, let's finish our champagne, and go and take a walk to the agent's and see what's going on. And remember, if your queenly robes are ever in danger of being put upon the sidewalk by a stony hearted landlady just do as I did—write a story. You will find that 'necessity is the mother of invention'—it will *drop* out, as mine did. Then send it to *The* ———; and when you receive a letter saying that the story has been accepted, sing as I did, not 'God bless *The* ——'s editor,' but 'God bless *The* ——'s editor, and long live *The* ———!'"

FEMALE GAMBLERS.—Many excellent articles have been written to expose the folly and danger of gaming; nevertheless, it prevails as forcibly as ever. The watering-places may be considered as so many seminaries for rearing the young of both sexes to this pernicious practice; and under the pretence of bathing and drinking, they wash away all their morals, and leave nothing in their stead but a violent itch for gambling. Cards and the dice-box have been the causes of more quarrels than ever the king of Prussia and all the monarchs of Europe have been engaged in from the thirst of conquest. As to the fair sex, their risk is still greater; they risk their money by play, their beauty by vigils, and their honor by both. Hail the proteased women of gallantry have commenced demi-reps from a run of ill luck; their pin-money has fallen short, and they have staked themselves to recruit it. Could a fine woman see herself in those unguarded moments when a very bad hand, after a series of ill fortune has struck by her, she would never after touch a card; and it would be very proper to have looking-glasses so placed that it might be impossible for every fair gamester not to see her real portrait in the most excruciating moments of play. This most probably would work a speedy cure, as the danger of losing a lover or a husband might have some influence in those lucid intervals of cards, when love will triumph over sordid interest. Ninon de L'Enclos was once playing at Ombre, when the cards ran most wickedly against her; she had changed color two or three times, and could not help biting her lips to preserve her temper; but no sooner did her lover enter the room, than she flung down her cards and shunned a swoon. Being retired with her lover, she pleasantly said, 'I have lost my money, it is true, but I should have lost much more if you had seen me play.' This lady, who understood the art of captivating equal to any of her sex, was certainly right in her conjecture, that her lover might have taken a disgust had he seen her agitated by her ill fortune; and this may serve as a useful lesson to ladies upon similar occasions.

IN THE FISHERMAN'S COTTAGE.

We sat in the fisherman's cottage,
The fisher's daughter and I,
And heard the rout of the waves without,
And the moaning winds go by.

The old wife reeked at her knitting,
The fisherman mended his nets,
The drift-wood fire blazed higher and higher,
And the smoke sprang up in jets.

They crooned and talked together,
As old folks talk and croon,
Of wrecks and storms and familiar forms
That had long been dead and gone.

They talked of Willie, their eldest,
Who was lost in the frozen seas,
When sweetheart Nell, whom I loved so well,
Was but a child on their knees.

They talked of Jamie the younger,
The blue-eyed darling of all,
Who had found a tomb, with the sealer's doom,
In the fierce November squall.

But ever a glance most kindly
On Nelly and me they threw;
While the fisher's maid in the deeper shade
I steadily nearer drew.

For we were to wed on the morrow:
They knew it as well as we;
And soft grew the roar of the storm on the shore,
And the wild heart-beats of the sea.

And we thought not of wreck and disaster,
Of night and the moaning blast,
Of swirling storms and sinking forms,
And the doleful tales of the past.

For a cottage becomes a palace,
And the colors of life are gay,
When a drift-wood fire gleams higher and higher
On the eve of a wedding day.

SPORTS OF THE OLDEN TIME.—No. 8.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

THE BUFFALO HUNT AT HOBOKEN.

Some thirty years ago, a wonderful excitement pervaded all classes of people upon the topic of buffalo hunting, culminating into a species of mania, greatly resembling the passion of the English residents of India with respect to tiger-slaying. The French, after their conquest of Algeria, gloried in lion-killing, the Britons in the Cape of Good Hope indulged in the pastime of elephant hunting, and almost every nation of the earth had its wild beast of some description or other, whose pursuit and slaughter afforded a dangerous opportunity for displays of nerve, valor and ingenuity. We Americans were alone in want of some ferocious animal whose destruction would place our Nimrodism on a par with the doughty huntsmen of other climes. We did not desire to migrate to the deserts overlooked by Mount Atlas for the sole desire of combatting a night-roving lion, to journey to the wilds of South Africa in search of ivory-bearing elephants, or to penetrate into the jungles of Hindostan to capture the skin of a royal tiger. The American sportsman had before him the chase of the deer, the moose, and that rarely tracked animal of the Canadian wilderness, the cariboo. Still, the hunting of these stately beasts was comparatively devoid of personal danger, and afforded little variation in sport or profit than for excitement. Possibly, bear-hunting might have proven a diversion accompanied with danger to inexperienced sportsmen. Nevertheless, the manners, habits and general disposition of Bruin had become familiar to our backwoodsmen, who looked upon that dreaded and common brute as bears, while the herculean grizzly was at that day an article for sportsmanship known only to the trappers and traders of the Far West through vague and exceptional traditions. In our hurry to obtain a hero for destruction we hit upon the bison, by us miscalled the buffalo, and we were soon busily spreading the tidings as to his ferocity and uncouquerable nature.

Thirty or forty years ago our people entertained a decided predilection for Indian stories and narratives of pioneer and frontier adventure; but, alas! from the false idea that the bison was ferocious, the ignominious buffalo had been rigidly excluded for the simple reason that, while Indiana could be discovered in amazing plenty upon the soil of New York State, the bison roamed over the distant prairie with as little molestation as if he were pasturing near the bleak coast of the Arctic circle would be the case. We had heard of him, it is true. We had a very distinct idea of his general form, and of his savage appearance. Still, we had not reduced him, as we have done of late years, to an article for mere sport and pastime. The great mass of the community entertained very erroneous ideas with respect to his size and prowess; for, while our strolling menageries could boast collections of Bengal tigers, African lions, Arabian camels, Indian elephants, and even casual rhinoceroses, the unhappy occupant of our prairie was unable to be visible to us as a hippopotamus or the giraffe. To the great and general perplexity of Mr. George Catlin, who had spent thirty years of a wandering existence among the various tribes of aborigines occupying the then thoroughly desert plains lying between the Missouri and the Rocky Mountains, the American bison can be said to be indebted for his popular reputation and his subsequent elevation into a beast of game. In the very extensive collection of paintings made by this indefatigable gentleman under adverse circumstances, to serve as an imperishable memorial of the features, customs and costumes of an interesting and unique race of men rapidly passing from the face of the earth, the buffalo flourished as proudly and as destructively as now does the sacred ox amid Egyptian museums, or the Winged Bull amid the fragmentary antiquities of Nineveh.

Although Mr. Catlin's gallery, replete with delineations of Indian customs now obsolete, abounded with pictorial representations full of interest to the American antiquarian, yet the artist was grieved to find all attention centre upon that part of his collection illustrating the bison and the method of hunting him. Disgusted with the lack of taste in his countrymen, the unfortunate Catlin, mindful of the ingratitude of republics, packed up his canvases and traveled to illuminate the denizens of London and Paris. As proved to be the case here, the shaggy-maned buffalo monopolized popular attention abroad. Louis Philippe, while the ceremonies of the Madeleine, the games of the Crows and the Blackfeet, and the religious peculiarities of other isolated tribes, which he regarded to be as curious as the traditions of the Aztecs, failed to excite wonderment among the wise men of Europe, the enthusiastic aristocrats of Britain ministered unto the peculiarities of their sovereign in a par with the doughty huntsmen of other climes. We did not desire to migrate to the deserts overlooked by Mount Atlas for the sole desire of combatting a night-roving lion, to journey to the wilds of South Africa in search of ivory-bearing elephants, or to penetrate into the jungles of Hindostan to capture the skin of a royal tiger. The American sportsman had before him the chase of the deer, the moose, and that rarely tracked animal of the Canadian wilderness, the cariboo. Still, the hunting of these stately beasts was comparatively devoid of personal danger, and afforded little variation in sport or profit than for excitement. Possibly, bear-hunting might have proven a diversion accompanied with danger to inexperienced sportsmen. Nevertheless, the manners, habits and general disposition of Bruin had become familiar to our backwoodsmen, who looked upon that dreaded and common brute as bears, while the herculean grizzly was at that day an article for sportsmanship known only to the trappers and traders of the Far West through vague and exceptional traditions. In our hurry to obtain a hero for destruction we hit upon the bison, by us miscalled the buffalo, and we were soon busily spreading the tidings as to his ferocity and uncouquerable nature.

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It is not to be wondered at, then, that when the courtly and nobly-born sportsmen from Europe went to such extravagant lengths in the exaltation and enjoyment of the newly discovered diversion peculiar to our Far West, the excitement evidently in the air took possession of the American mind, naturally inclining towards the marvelous, whereby an unappeasable appetite for the perusal of narratives describing in exciting details the dangers incidental to this new school in sport seized upon our habitual readers. What was deer-stalking, bear-trapping, or Bengal-tiger hunting, compared with the pursuit and slaughter of the huge, ferocious-looking, shaggy-maned monsters grazing on the Western prairie-grass? While in a state of excitement, pondering almost upon insanity, with respect to the terrors of the Indian plains, the proprietors of this city were startled, as well as pleased, upon hearing the announcement that a grand buffalo-hunt would take place, on a given day, almost at our very doorsteps. We of Gotham, to witness this soul-stirring exhibition, were not to be compelled to herald a pilgrimage of countless miles; neither were we to endure the hardships of a protracted campaign, nor to expend a fortune, in life or money, to gaze upon an enthusiastic chase of the dreaded monarchs of our Western plains. No! Incredible as it appeared at a first glance, buffaloes in their primitive wildness, trappers in buckskin raiment, Indians in glory of war-paint, vaqueros with lasso at saddle-bow, and huntsmen mounted upon veritable mustangs—genuine articles in every branch of sport—had all been transported to within an hour's journey of the city limits, ready, anxious and willing, men and brutes, to present the glorious spectacle of an authentic bison chase to the eyes of an appreciative yet unsophisticated New York audience. Even the heavily did sceptical critics scoff at the idea of the animals being simon pure realities; vainly was the stirring intelligence proclaimed to be a product of Mike Walsh's or some other prolific practical joker's brain; vainly did the blanket-sheets of Wall street and the penny papers of Ann street pronounce to be a premeditated hoax. All incredulity was demolished through a shrewd device in placing the beasts on exhibition, open to popular view. There could be no denying the fact that, upon a vacant lot on Broadway, half a dozen doors below Niblo's Garden, any morning Thomas might, through the disinterestment of a couple of York shillings, feast his eyes upon a cluster of very black and very hideous-looking buffaloes, tranquilly chewing the cud, apparently ruminating on the perils they were doomed to brave before a full moon would wane over their shaggy, wool-covered heads. Inquisitive zoological students, suffering their curiosity to obtain the mastery over personal fear, invested a Spanish quarter and secured a passing glance at the animals, only to beat a hasty retreat when some one among the misshapen lot tossed his curling mane or winked his knot-terminated tail. Attractive and interesting as was this singular cattle-show, it proved by no means lucrative, inasmuch as our plodding citizens, anterior to the spread of protective life-assurance, cultivated a tendency towards self-preservation, and hence one rear or a supernumerated bull, the patriarch of the herd, was all-sufficient to breed a panic among would be sightseers, followed by an exhibition of rapid pedestrian exercise. These buffaloes did not wander into town of their own volition, nor was their introduction among us the result of speculative genius. On the contrary, they had submitted to be driven from their Western homes with manifest reluctance, and had journeyed to the seaboard by a prolonged and circuitous route, although the road along which they passed had remained continuously unimpeded; for no sooner did the patriarchal leader of the herd exhibit his face to astounded humanity, than every man, woman and child instinctively disappeared behind doors, bolts and bars. Moreover, it was simply to humor a whim of a Scottish baronet that the quadrupedal children of the prairies had been gathered, and, at his expense, conducted over half a continent.

Among the distinguished personages visiting our shores had been Sir William Drummond Stewart, a patron of the fine arts, of the fair sex, and of field-sports. A disinterested and wealthy bachelor, the North Briton fell in love with our country, our peculiar institutions, and, as rumor had it, with one of New York's loveliest daughters. He determined, in his admiring humor, upon somewhat Americanizing his home in the land of his birth, possibly as a compliment to the fair one whom rumor alleged he was desirous of transforming from a plain citizen ess into a titled lady. His castle in Scotland boasted a deer park, and this portion of his domains he thought advisable to embellish through an infusion of novel cornicultate beasts. His taste fell upon buffaloes as the most ornament l of game quadrupeds. He traveled to the frontiers and found at Fire Prairie a notable trapper and trader, who, having married a lady of wealth and beauty at St. Louis, had discarded buckskin and beaver traps to resume a local habitation in this city, with habiliments to match. Despite a handsome domicile and the smiles of New York society, the ex-trapper was, however, in the habit of occasionally steeling away from wife and home to revisit his old friends and acquaintances upon the prairie border. It was upon one of these furtive excursions that the ancient hunter became acquainted with the bison-admiring baronet, who inquired into the possibility of acquiring buffalo stock for the replenishment of Drummond Castle park. The recivilized trapper encouraged the idea, and demonstrated that the prairie beasts, savage as they appeared to the untutored eye, could be domesticated as readily as a Texas steer, and possibly more so. The good hunter went even farther, guaranteeing to forward to New York a prime lot of living buffalo beef, which would prove as harmless in its nature as a sucking dove. The offer was accepted, and thereupon a cattle-breeder undertook the supervision of the experiment of buffalo-raising.

A year elapsed, when the frontiersman, having tenderly nursed a couple of dozen buffalo calves until they grew into well-developed cows, added to his lot a supernumerated bull, to bestow dignity upon the herd, and sent them forth *en route* for the realm of Merrie England, in charge of a pair of experienced herders. Upon reaching this city, the drove was placed on exhibition, in the fervent hope that these specimens of American zoology could excite as much attention as was expected from the approaching exposition of live giraffes, for the capture of which latter a party of adventurers, among whom was included the facetious Cale Weeks of universal memory, had been dispatched to the far-distant coast of Africa. For numerous reasons, the buffaloes did not draw, although learned historians insist that they were used as draught animals by the mound-builders in prehistoric times. The herders and attendants were flat broke in consequence of the beasts' nonattractive powers, when some original genius suggested to the trapper-friend of the baronet's the feasibility of a buffalo hunt somewhere in the vicinity of this curiosity-stricken metropolis. The suggestion was duly acted upon. The scheme to be successful merely required a capable manager, and that desirable personage was discovered in the person of P. T. Barnum, whose genius as a practical showman had previously cropped out in his patriotic exhibition of an aboriginal negro wench, as Joyce Heth, warranted to have been the nurse and fostermother of Washington, as appeared by a bill of sale, duly executed by the Father of his Country to dispose of his maternal substitute. This venerable darky rehearsed Munchausenary stories and mumbled camp-meeting hymns on the ground-floor of a little brick building, situated in Niblo's Gardens, opening upon Broadway, until one unfortunate morning she imitated the swan and executed her own death-melody. Nipped in the first bud of his career, Barnum, about the time the buffaloes arrived in town, was occupied as a puff-writer and advertising agent for some circus companies, and, consequently, his acquaintance with newspaper men and business bestowed upon him invaluable qualifications for bringing a buffalo hunt prominently before the public, particularly as the show was to be given "rain, grain, or nothing."

"The Great Buffalo Hunt at Hoboken!" Such was the heading of mammoth posters, covering every dead-wall and brick pile to be found on Manhattan Island, while double-leaded advertisements conveyed a similar announcement to people in every section of the country. The entertainment was greatly similar in type to be a stupendous one, the chase to take place within Stevens' private racing track, securely fenced-in to prevent the escape of the infuriated beasts, and conveniently located, so that the multitude upon the surrounding heights could witness the entire scene of exciting interest without incurring the risk of life. It was, moreover, promised that the animals would be chased by wild Indians, run down by hunters of the plains, lassooed by Mexican vaqueros, and otherwise disposed of in the most approved method of soul-stirring sportsmanship. And all this entertainment, which was to be given evidently in the midst of horse flies and mosquitoes, in whose production the Pontine marshes of Jersey were unrivaled. An attempt was made to distract public attention from the shaggy-headed beasts through pot-ing a diminutive brass-band and temporary theatre they were engaged to discourse some martial strains. The effort was a failure; for, no sooner had the prelude been blown, than the buffalo bull, unaccustomed to the music of these spheres, advanced to examine the contents of an opbicleide manipulated by a boy Tenson. The effect produced by this audacious inquisitiveness was instantaneous—the brass instruments disappeared one way, and their tormentors in another, while that old buffalo bull heard no more music for the rest of the day.

A blast from a fish-horn, executed by an impromptu Triton, who had heralded secure stand on top of a high fence, announced the advent of the adventurous masculines destined to participate in the immortal chase. In single file, mounted upon cart-horses of ponderous frame, the children of the Far West performed a stately promenade around the arena, amid the wild and boisterous huzzas of laughter that assembled multitude. The Santa Fe hunter appropriately led the van, but was speedily recognized to be a Fly Market butcher, disguised in a buckskin shirt two sizes too small for his corpulent frame. The wild Indian, the sawdust smell of whose garments betokened them to be cast-off raiment from the professional wardrobe of Eaton Stone, followed next, perspiration and a cotton handkerchief playing shocking havoc with the war-paint on his face. To him succeeded the vaquero, a dingy-colored mulatto in a red roundabout and sea-green continuations, a coil of rope at his saddle, and a wide-awake hat on the top of his head. After him came a living nondescript in a calico garb, armed with a f

CLIPPER VARIETIES.

Comprising Ballads, Songs and Dances, Comic Songs, Old Bills, etc.

WRITTEN AND COLLATED EXPRESSLY FOR THE CLIPPER.

THEATRICAL WAIFS.

BY "SNAPPER-UP."

Mr. William R. Wood took his farewell of the stage in 1846, at the Walnut-street Theatre, Philadelphia, and died in that city in 1862, aged 82 years.

Miss Hildreth, who made her first appearance at the Tremont Theatre, Boston, in 1838, where she remained two seasons, married Hon. Benj. Butler, and retired from the stage.

Mrs. Whitlock, once connected with the Federal-street Theatre, Boston, returned to England with a fortune of £8,000, where she died in 1856, at the age of 75.

The life of an actor or an actress does not seem conducive to *short* life, as a glance at the following would seem to imply: Mrs. Abington died at 84; Mrs. Bracegirdle, 86; Mrs. Davenport, 84; Mrs. Dibdin, 83; Ceila Davis, 94; Maria F. Dumesnil, 90; Peter Fierville, 107; Mrs. Garrick, 98; Charles Macklin, 107; Mrs. Mainly, 97; Elizabeth Wallack, 90; and John Noel, 118.

Side-scenes are somewhat venerable; for Serlio, who first introduced them upon the stage, died in 1540.

Charlotte Cushman made her first appearance on any stage in 1835, in opera, at Tremont Theatre, Boston.

In 1849 Mr. Macready made his last appearance in America, at New York.

In 1879 plays were acted in England on Sundays.

In 1735 Boston refused to let a rope-dancer exhibit. The first theatrical exhibition was given there in 1750.

The Haymarket Theatre, Boston, was opened in 1796.

The Federal-street Theatre, Boston, burnt in 1798.

In 1826 the "Kean riot" occurred at Boston, at the Federal-street Theatre.

I REMEMBER.

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO CLARA WILDMAN,
BY WILLIAM W. LONG.

I remember, I remember the bright, clear Summer day,
We wandered through the wildwood, where the birds sang blithe and gay;
The Sun—ere sun shone o'er us, the streamlet murmured low,
As we wandered through the green wood, years and years ago.

I remember, I remember the little cabin home
That stood within the green dell, and the music of the loom;
But the cabin is in ruins now, and the wind moans sad and low
O'er the ones in where fond hopes perished, years and years ago.

I remember, I remember a picture bright and fair,
'Twas my mother's gentle face when she gathered us for prayer;
Oh! my life was bright and glorious then, but now 'tis filled with woe
For the sweet hopes crushed and broken years and years ago.

I remember, I remember the joys that have been mine,
But every joy hath left me, in my love for ruby wine;
And where once was love and happiness, foul ruin sits with woe,
Linked with the bright dreams faded years and years ago.

Parkersburg, West Va., 1873.

LAURA KEENE'S LAST ENTERTAINMENT.

Believing that the readers of THE CLIPPER may like to preserve a copy of the programme of the last entertainment given by the late Laura Keene, Geo. H. Abrens Jr., kindly contributes the appended bill. Mr. F. Mordaunt having left the company, his part, we believe, was taken by Mr. Meldrum.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE, TIDIOUTE, PA
[LAURA KEENE'S NEW YORK COMPANY
in a
GRAND HOLIDAY BILL, JULY 4, 1873.

The most excellent comedy,
THE MORNING CALL, OR TWO CAN PLAY AT THAT GAME.

Sir Edward Ardent.....R. S Meldrum
Mrs. Chillington.....Miss Laura Keene

To be succeeded by the very affecting sentimental and roaring Irish Drama of
THE STAGE STRUCK BARBER, OR THE WIDOW'S VICTIM.

Jerry Clip.....Frank Mordaunt
Jerry Clip is a stage-struck barber who gives imitations of the late Edwin Forrest, Charles Kean, Barney Williams, McKean Buchanan, and other well-known actors. Also a recitation for the ga-lo-ri-ous Fourth, "Shall America Rule?"
Feltham Podge.....Harry Hawk
Jane Chatterly.....Miss Laura Leigh
Widow Rattleton.....Miss Mary Leyolo

To conclude with Charles Lever's screaming Irish Farce,
HANDY ANDY, OR AN IRISHMAN'S BLUNDERS.

Handy Andy....Harry Hawk | Mr Furlong..Eugene Fulines
Squire Egan.....R. S. Meldrum | Simple Simon..Master Brown
Squire O'Grady..J. H. Browne | Mad Nancy..Miss Livingstone
Edward O'Connor..A. Nelson | Miss Egan.....Miss Lennoyle
Nick Dawson..H. E. Dixey | Donah..Miss Nellie Browne
Mr. Murphy.....C. W. Holmes

General admission, 75 cts. Reserved seats, 25 cts. extra. For sale at Boland's drug store, Opera-house block.

NICKEL-PLATED MAC.

DEDICATED TO S. W. STANDISH.

I know a chap who soon will wear
An armor made of twine,
And on his head a helmet bold
With nickel-plate will shine;
The twine will have a nickel plate,
The arms and legs intact,
For he's the oyster you oft hear
Called nickel-plated Mac.

Chorus.—For it's oh, boys, wait and see his Roy Blas,
When once upon the boards with shining props he'll act;
For oh, then, he'll show you how 'tis done, boys,
When Duke D'Olmedo's cast to nickel-plated Mac.

I met a lady on the street—
Her hair like silver shone;
It's brilliancy so dazzling was
I thought 'twas not her own;
But when I asked her to explain,
She mentioned 'twas the fact
That she'd been dipped, and pulled out by
Her nickel-plated Mac.

Chorus.—For it's oh, boys, you should see his russets,
And the velvet coat he'll wear upon his back;
And it's soon, boys, he'll display his sword blade,
With combination hilt by nickel-plated Mac.

I called upon a friend one day,
Whose voice rough used to be;
But now his silvery tones did sound
Most wondrous clear to me;
And when I looked for the cause of
This strange and curious fact,
He said the result was all the work
Of nickel-plated Mac.

Chorus.—For it's now, boys, I've told you the story,
Without keeping from you one solitary fact,
And if you would be entirely happy,
Find that oyster on wheels called nickel-plated Mac.

CHURCH AND STAGE.

The stage is often denounced from the pulpit, and actors and actresses are oft-times roughly handled by the anointed." We present the following copy of a bill of a dramatic performance given in a church, and the receipts thereof were to be devoted to finishing a church in process of building. We trust that no future pastor of that church will denounce from the pulpit the hard-working actor; for should he do so, by this record "the boys will have a chance to get back at him."

CHARMING ENTERTAINING! AMUSING!
GRAND DRAMATIC ENTERTAINMENT
at the
BAPTIST CHURCH,
Union City, Tennessee,
FRIDAY EVENING, NOV 28, 1873,
will be presented by a full company of
AMATEUR ARTISTS
The following attractive programme:

Part 1, from 7.30 P. M. to 9.30 P. M.

During which time will be presented the very exciting, semi-tragic and laughable drama in two acts, entitled
AMONG THE BREAKERS,
with the following cast of characters:

David Murray, Keeper of Fairpoint Light..F. M. Trevathan
Larray Divine, Murray's Irish assistant.....W. J. Roberts
Hon. Bruce Hunter, an English nobleman..Sam't T. Evans
Clarence Hunter, his son.....Sam't T. Evans
Peter Paragraph, a newspaper reporter.....Wm B. Ford
Scud, Hunter's negro servant.....S. T. Haydon
Minnie Hare, Hunter's adopted niece.....Miss Aima Jackson
Rose Starbright, "Cast up by the waves"
Miss Janet Green
Biddy Bean, Murray's Irish housekeeper.....
Mrs. F. M. Trevathan
"Mother Cary," a reputed fortune-teller.....
Mrs. Jessie Garret

During the rendition of this drama will be presented the following especially attractive features:

1. Natural and highly exciting storm-scene, in which there will be thunder, lightning and rain.

2. Fearfully lifelike murder scene, in which blood won't flow like water.

3. Button-burning Hibernian Ethiopian scene, in which a laughable Irish comedian and an incomparable "Sambo" will make "fun for the million."

Part II, from 9.30 P. M. to 10.30 P. M.

During which time will be presented the world-renowned, popular and side-splitting farce, in one act, entitled
POOR PILLICODDY,
with the following cast of characters:

Mr. Pillicoddy.....S. T. Evans
Capt. O Scuttle.....F. M Trevathan
Mrs. Pillicoddy.....Miss Alice Yerlowen
Mrs. O'Scuttle.....Miss Janet Green
Sarah Blunt.....Mrs. F. M. Trevathan

A first class string band will be in attendance.

The proceeds of the entertainment will be devoted to the work of completing the Baptist Church.

Admission fee, 25 cents. The doors will be opened at 6.30 P. M.; the curtain rise promptly at 7.30 P. M. No reserved seats.

UNCLE EPH'S LAMENT.

DEDICATED TO LUKE SCHOOLCRAFT.

I'll sing you a song for little song,
As you had called me out,
Oh de happy da's when I was young,
But times are changed about.
De banjo, now, 'taint got de soun'
It had in dem good days—
I rubbers see deole breaks down
De darkies used to raise.

When de day's work it was done and o'er,
I'd take de ole banjo,
Sit down outside de cabin door,
And pick a sweet solo;
De ole folks dey would gedda' round,
And de little nigs would prance,
Den pooty soon dey'd git de sound
An' all jine in an' dance.

I tink I see de cotton bloom
Down in dem Carline,
And hear de rattle ob de loom
As I did in dat ole time;
I tink I hear de little birds
Singin' dat same ole song
Dat dese ole ears hab often heard
In de Summer evenin's long.

Dem times am past and gone away—
Yes, neber to come back;
I'm sittin outer ebery day—
My har's no longer black;
My eyes am grown 'berry dim,
I feel dat I is gwine
To dat happy land whar angels sing,
And all am bright sunshine

J. J. McDERMOTT.

MEMENTO OF OLD SOUTHWARK.

"Critic," a correspondent in Philadelphia, has placed us under obligations for the following bill of a performance given at the American Theatre, of Southwark, in that city, seventy-two years ago. Mr. Robertson seems to have been the great feature, the legitimate receiving but little attention. This unfortunate clever performer met with a sad end somewhere in the South; he met with an accident, while performing, by which his neck was dislocated.

AMERICAN THEATRE OF SOUTHWARK.
FRIDAY EVENING, SEPT. 12, 1800,
will be presented, for the first time, a new comedy by O'Keefe called
THE LONDON HERMIT.
After which MR. ROBERTSON will introduce his most admired
IMITATION OF BIRDS.
The English robin, thrush, skylark and nightingale; also whistle a grand overture, accompanied by the band.
MR. ROBERTSON will display his manly feats of
GROUND AND LOFTY TUMBLING.
He will throw a back somersault from three tables and a chair, and two somersaults forward without stopping.
He will then exhibit his activity on the rope, for the first time,
A CHILD OF PROMISE,
who will perform many laughable tricks and feats truly astonishing for one of his years. This part will conclude with the laughable scene of
ROLY BOLY
between Messrs. Robertson and McDonald.
Mr. Lynch will, by desire, sing the comic song of "The Old Woman of Eighty."
For the last time in this city, Mr. Robertson will perform the wonderful leaps over the heads of twenty soldiers with guns and fixed bayonets. Mr. Robertson will leap through a balloon of fire fourteen feet high from the stage.
A song by Mr. McDonald. A song by Miss Arnold. Mr. Robertson will then perform the phenomenon called
THE ANTIPODEAN WHIRLIGIG,
in which he will whirl round on his head at the rate of 200 times a minute, without the assistance of his hands—and fireworks attached to different parts of his body. To which will be added Mr. Robertson's comic pantomime got up and performed at New York with universal applause on last Thursday, called
"HARLEQUIN RECRUIT."
On the next night the bill set forth the following in addition to the former feats: "As a stranger in Philadelphia, he feels himself under the necessity of appealing to a generous public for support, chiefly on the score of his inability—his power to please and astonish—his principal dependence and prior exertions, and his pledge for the evening's entertainments, the profits accruing from which will be his only emolument from his first appearance."

I'M EVER CONSTANT UNTO THEE.

Respectfully dedicated to Wm. Lonsdale, Belleville.

I have no thoughts save those of thee—
My mind is ever free from care—
Though thou art far beyond the sea,
I feel thy presence in the air;
The dell's deep solitude I seek,
And in bright clouds thy form I see;
And angels high above me know
I'm ever constant unto thee.

Chorus.—Though thou art e'er so far away,
Though 'tween us rolls the wide blue sea,
Though oft from me thy thoughts may stray,
I'm ever constant unto thee.

Though in thy joys thou should forget
The one thou knowest will e'er be true,
My own deep love shall linger yet,
And I'll be constant unto you;
If thou should'st find another heart
To steal thy fondest thoughts from me,
Though through me deepest pain may dart,
I'm ever constant unto thee.

Chorus.—Though thou, etc.

Canton, Ohio. WILL. H. C.

A RARE OLD-TIMER.

The original of the following is in the British Museum, and is about 160 years old. It will be seen that the old-time managers understood how to get up a little snap in the way of variety business, viz.: jigs, Punch, transformation scene with angels of "The Black Crook" pattern, etc.

"At Crawley's Booth,
over against the Crown Tavern, in Smithfield, during the time of Bartholomew Fair,
will be presented a little opera called
THE OLD CREATION OF THE WORLD,
yet newly revived, with the addition of
NOAH'S FLOOD.

Also several fountains playing water during the time of the play. The last scene does represent Noah and his family coming out of the ark with all the beasts, two by two, and all the fowls of the air are seen in a prospect sitting upon trees; likewise over the ark is seen the sun rising in a most glorious manner; moreover a multitude of angels will be seen in a double rank, which presents a double prospect, one for the sun, the other for a palace: when will be seen 6 Angels *ringing of bells*. Likewise machines descending from above double and treble, with Dives rising out of hell, and Lazarus is seen in Abraham's bosom, beside several *figures* dancing *jigs, sarabands*, and country dances to the admiration of the spectators, with the merry conceits of Punch."

"DOSE DAYS VEN I VAS YOUNG"

TO MY FRIEND JOHN B. HAMILTON, CINCINNATI, OHIO.

Mine frients, I vuse come out a vile,
Dot leetle song I'll seung,
Unt tell you all about de days,
De days ven I vas young—
Unt vish again dey'd come—
Dose happy, happy days, mine frients,
Dose days ven I vas young.

Chorus.—Dose days ven I vas young, mine frients,
Dose days ven I vas young;
I never, never vill forgot
Dose days ven I vas young.

I remember Heinrick unt myself
Ve hookey used to p'ay,
Unt ve vould romp unt sing unt dance,
Unt vinks of love he'd say;
I remember, du, dot marriage day,
He said: "Louisa, come;"
Dot happened sure, mine frients, dot's so,
In dose days ven I vas young.

Chorus.—Dose days ven I vas young, etc.

But now I'm very old unt cray,
Unt I know dat I vill come
Ven I'll been called du meet him dere,
In dot goot old happy home;
Unt he'll been vaiting, unt he'll say:
"Louise, I knowed you'd come,"
Unt ve'll been happy as ve vere
In dose days ven ve vas young.

Chorus.—Dose days ven ve vas young, etc.

C. W. VANCE.

A MINSTREL PERFORMANCE AT SEA.

A time-honored custom prevails among sailors of acknowledging their fealty to old Neptune when crossing the equatorial line. Besides the peculiar ceremonies indulged in at that time, amateur performances are often given. We append a programme of one of these, as well as a certificate of exemption of future fines from Neptune to Charles Levin, mate of the U. S. S. Colorado.

KNOW YE BY THESE PRESENTS,

that Mate Levin, a sea-warrior in the service of my beloved daughter in-law Columbia, having this day (or previously) paid the tribute required by me from all crossing the Equinoctial Line, is now declared forever exempt from any and all bills, fines, or taxes that may be levied by me or my successors; and should he enter our element, by accident or otherwise, I abjure all sharks, devil-fish, and sea-serpents to respect his person unless very hungry; provided he never ceases to uphold the honor of the flag which now to my own, I hold most sacred.

Done on board Columbia's war chariot the Colorado, near the Equator, on this 13th day of May, 1870.

NEPTUNE, *First Sovereign of the Seas,*
By the King PORPOISE, *Prince of Blowers.*

U. S. S. COLORADO'S MINSTREL TROUPE

will give a performance Monday, May 16, 1870, on which occasion the following combination of talent will appear:

C. Tucker.....Interlocutor and Baritone
P. Cosgrove.....Comedian and Interlocutor pro tem.
J. Gordon.....Bones and Negro *silmeo* or
P. Drew.....Tambo and Burlesque Actor
J. C. Ford.....Banjo and Balladist
G. English.....Character Song
Harrath.....Leader of Orchestra
Lorraine.....Flute and Tenor
Wardle.....Basso Profundo
McCormack.....Violinist
Melvey.....Clog and Jig Dancer
Mood.....Balladist

PART FIRST.

Overture.....Minstrels
Opening Chorus, "Down the Ohio".....Company
Song, "Whippoorwill".....Ford
Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground.....English
I'd Choose to be a Baby.....Gordon
Rhino.....English
Finale, Railway Smash-up.....Company

PART SECOND.

Clog Dance.....Melvey
Echo in the Woods.....Ford and Drew
Paddy Miles' Boy, with Song.....Cosgrove
Flute Solo.....Lorraine
Immensakof.....Mood
Up in that Back Room.....English
Tragedian and his Pupil.....Cosgrove and Drew
Effects of Music.....Gordon and Drew
Scenes in a Photographic Gallery.....Cosgrove, Ford, Drew
FINALE—PLANTATION SCENES.

THE SENSATION OF DYING.

The popular ideas relative to the sufferings of persons on the point of death are undoubtedly to a certain extent erroneous. The appearance of extreme agony which is often presented under these circumstances is due to mere muscular agitation, independent of any extraordinary sensibility of the nerves of feeling. Those who die a natural death, in the very last stages of existence are scarcely conscious of bodily suffering—not more than they frequently are to the attentions and solicitude of friends. It is certainly a consolation to reflect that, whatever may have been the measure of suffering undergone by one of our cherished associates during the term of his illness, the final moment is not attended with an aggravation of distress.

Those who die by violence or accident undoubtedly experience a degree of pain proportionate to the extent of the bodily mutilation. Handing is doubtless an unpleasant mode of death; but few, after all, "shuffle off this mortal coil" more easily than those who are suspended by the neck. It is akin to drowning in this respect. The blood immediately seeks the head and soon deprives it of all consciousness. The efforts to inhale the air, which are kept up for some time after the cord is attached, and which cause such violent movements of the chest and extremities, arise from the influence of the spinal marrow, whose sensibility is not so soon destroyed by congestion of blood as that of the brain. Persons who die by decapitation most probably suffer more, though their pain is only momentary; this is the case with those who blow out their brains. The sensation produced by a ball passing through the body would be difficult to describe by one who has never experienced it. But it is something singular in this case that those who are shot, although the "leadex messenger of death" may not have penetrated any essentially vital organ, immediately fall to the earth, apparently under an irresistible feeling of their approaching return to dust, exclaiming, as it were, involuntarily, "I am a dying man!"

A dagger wound in the heart, for the few moments which are consumed in the ebbing of life, must occasion unutterable feelings of agony, independent of the mere sensations of pain in the parts sundered by the entrance of the blade. The rushing out of the blood at each convulsive push of the heart must seem like the actual spectacle of the flow of life.

Those who are crushed to death may not expire instantly, unless the cranium happens to be involved in the casualty. Where the skull is not fractured, there is probably an inconceivable agony for a few seconds after the fatal thought of home, friends and family, and all is over. Those who are cut in two by a heavily-burthened railroad car must experience some similar sensations.

If the neck is broken low down, the person does not necessarily die on the instant. His situation is the same, perhaps, of all who fall, which can be imagined. He may live and have a being for hours, but he cannot move. His face may express all the passions, and feelings, and emotions, but beyond motions of his breast and countenance his energies do not go. His arms are pinioned to his side; his legs are lifeless; and he essentially beholds his body in the grave, while he is yet in the full possession of his faculties. The least disturbance of his position is liable to launch him at once into eternity.

Death by cutting the throat is the least seemly mode of making away with life that ever entered the head of a madman; and it is the least certain and most painful mode of committing suicide. Such persons have the disadvantage of dying for want of breath, and of bleeding to death. They labor, too, under the difficulty of not knowing the precise seat of the arteries. They generally cut too high by several inches, and if their knife happens to be dull, they can scarcely accomplish either of their objects in reaching the windpipe or the important blood-vessels. Unsightly wounds are created; and the unfortunate victim of temporary insanity has the mortification of hearing his own lolly made the theme of animadversion and jest.

In taking laudanum, a person exists in a state of insensibility for a length of time—a melancholy spectacle to his friends. In poisoning from arsenic, a great amount of suffering is undergone. The sensibility of the stomach is exceedingly acute when inflamed; and the effect of arsenic is to produce a fatal inflammation of the viscus. Prussic acid is rapid, and acts by paralyzing the brain.

Death by lightning is instantaneous. In a visitation of this subtle fluid, we might almost picture to ourselves the very parent of life (for such may electricity be considered) assuming the arrows of death for the purposes of fell destruction.

In reflecting on the horrors which death presents under these different aspects of violence, the mind becomes satiated with disgust. We cannot do better than turn to the contemplation of its features in the milder course of disease, where, if the mind be at ease, the final exit is made without any of those revolting exhibitions of bodily suffering.

TEMERITY IN A SOLDIER.—Once upon a time George Haslewood, an English soldier, having been taken, in company with twenty-three Spaniards, by Prince Maurice, it was determined that eight of them should be hanged, in requital for a like sentence that had been made by Albert, the archduke, upon some Hollanders, and that it should be decided by lot on whom the punishment should fall. The Englishman happily drew his deliverance; but one Spaniard expressed great reluctance and terror of mind, when he put his hat into the helmet to try his fate, not so much in fear of death, as an antipathy to such an unnatural decision, in which he might make his own hand destroy himself, and be executed for the guilt of others, or acquitted for no innocence of his own. The Englishman consented to take what money he had, and stand to the chance for him. The judges consented also to his request, as that of a fool or a madman, who deserved not the life he had so providentially obtained. Yet, such his fortune was, that he drew himself safe. He was asked why he would put his life in such danger again for the safety of another, and after such a signal escape so presumptuously to hazard it a second time? Because, said he, I thought I had a bargain of it; for considering that I daily expose myself for the value of sixpence, I thought I might with much more reason venture it for twelve crowns.

NEW PLAYS IN ENGLAND AND FRANCE.

"ROUGH AND READY."

A new drama bearing this title, the author of which is Paul Merritt, was produced at the Theatre Royal, Brighton, Eng., Nov. 21. *The Era* thus describes the plot: The piece opens in the garden of a wealthy Yorkshire widow Mrs. Valentine, who has residing with her an only son, Harry, and a niece, Alice May, dependent on her. Harry, who is about eighteen years of age at the time of our introduction, not unnaturally forms a soft attachment for his pretty cousin, who is about his own age, which, however, his haughty mother strongly opposes; whilst Alice, on her part, admires a certain Mark Musgrave, her aunt's gamekeeper, a rough-and-ready Yorkshireman, with handsome face, clear head, poetic inclinations, a warm heart, and muscles like "the village blacksmith." This Musgrave is Harry's *bete noir*, for he suspects him to be his successful rival, and Mrs. Valentine enters into a compact that Musgrave is to be dismissed, and Harry is to relinquish all thoughts of Alice—at least, until he has attained his majority. At this point of the story we are introduced to Nathaniel Hickory, Mrs. Valentine's London estate-agent, a deep, designing, crafty fellow, with few moral scruples and trifling distinction between *meum* and *tuum*. Having detected him in several clever embezzlements, Mrs. Valentine orders him to leave her employment; but he, with an insidiousness which becomes his character all through, hints at a certain incident in her past life of which he is aware, and she in terror reinstates him. Lord Normandale and his daughter, Lady Amelia, shortly arrive on a visit to Mrs. Valentine, and we learn that Lady Amelia has been attacked by a savage mastiff, but has been rescued by Mark, who by the power of "the muscles of his brawny arms" has strangled the ferocious brute. The Earl and his daughter are lavish in their praises of Mark's bravery, and Harry Valentine, more embittered than ever against Mark on account of this incident, insults him at every possible opportunity, and Mark's civil but terribly cutting retorts drive Harry wild with fury. Mrs. Valentine at length discharges Mark. He pleads earnestly to remain in his native village, from which Mrs. Valentine has resolved to drive him. Moved by his pathetic appeal, she but relents for her severity, but Hickory interposes, and he is mercilessly expelled; and as he leaves in despair Alice throws her arms round his neck, exclaiming: "All hope is not gone; I love you, Mark;" and with this tableau the first act is brought to a close. Three years are supposed to elapse before we are introduced to the town residence of the Earl of Normandale, where we find Mrs. Valentine, Alice and Harry on a visit to the Earl. Inspired by his ambitious mother, Harry has transferred his affections to Lady Amelia, but Alice remains still true to her early love, Mark, who turns up as the Earl's foreman at his Welsh mines. Once more Mark and Harry meet; again Harry sneers and Mark retorts; the feud is stronger than ever. Harry, at the instigation of the villain Hickory, accuses Mark of robbery to the Earl, and Hickory, endeavoring to make the most of the trump card he holds, proposes for the hand of Mrs. Valentine, and she indignantly repulses him. Hickory then tells the secret at which he hinted three years ago, and we then learn that Mrs. Valentine, when a very young girl, was secretly married to her late father's steward, Humphrey Arnold; that a child was the issue of the surreptitious union, but that it was ruthlessly torn from her father, and her steward-husband was shortly afterwards found shot dead; and that she was afterwards married to Mr. Valentine, a man of good family but small means, who knew nothing of her past. Hickory reminds her that by the wording of her late husband's will, by which he bequests all to her eldest son on attaining his majority, the steward's son, if he should turn up, would be entitled to every farthing, and Harry would be beggared. This Mrs. Valentine pronounces to be impossible, as her late father assured her that the child died in its infancy. Hickory, however, produces proofs to the contrary, and with a cry of horror she hears her first-born's name. Mrs. Valentine learns, by means of an assumed case, what would be Harry's conduct in the case of ruin—from him she learns with dismay that to him poverty means death. She, therefore, resolves to make the sacrifice and become Hickory's wife. Mark then appears and demands an explanation of the accusations of robbery made against him by Harry, and this, with a mocking laugh, is refused. Mark at last loses all self-control, seizes Harry in his iron grasp, the terrible fury which has achieved so many triumphs of strength is raised, its descent means death to Harry, when Mrs. Valentine, in a frenzy of terror, rushes up to the infuriated Musgrave, and exclaims: "Do not kill him, Mark—he is your brother; you are my son." On this situation the curtain falls. Another three years elapse before the next act, which opens in apartments of a private hotel at Westminster. It is the last day of a trial for ejectment, "Arnold, otherwise Musgrave, v. Valentine." The Judge has summed up, the jury have retired, and the fate of the two men is trembling in the balance. Mrs. Valentine still clings with almost idolatrous love to her youngest son. Alice, who wrongly believes Mark to be false to their allegiance, is broken-hearted, and promises Mrs. Valentine that she will become Harry's wife, he having once more changed the object of his affections. Lady Amelia, who acts the part of domestic peacemaker, brings Mark into contact with Mrs. Valentine, and when by the merest accident she learns the nobility of Mark's nature—that he is willing to forfeit his inheritance for "one kind word, a breath a mother's kiss"—she clasps him to her arms and calls him son. Harry's jealousy is roused; he taunts his mother with mercenary motives; the scales fall from her eyes, and at last she sees the two men in their true colors. She releases Alice from her promise, and reconciles her to Mark, who, in the generosity of his heart, offers his brother half the property after he has heard the verdict in his favor. Lady Amelia, who had always had some regard for Harry, makes him beg Mark's pardon, and then promises to marry him; and all ends in the proverbial happiness. The drama was written for Mr. and Mrs. Billington, who sustain the leading characters.

"LE DOCTEUR BOURGUIBUS"

is the name of a one-act comedy presented at the Odeon, Paris, recently. It is written in verse, and the author's name is Edmond Cottinet. Doctor Bourguibus is a devoted opponent of capital punishment. His theory is that the greatest criminals are nothing worse than invalids, and that by proper treatment their cure can infallibly be effected without any resort to punishment. He has even written a book in support of his views, and, not confining himself to mere words, has made practical efforts to prove the soundness of his novel doctrine. His benevolence impels him to an unremitting search for condemned malefactors. In one instance a robber, whom he had saved from the hulks and whose regeneration appears to have made considerable progress, repays the Doctor by stealing a valuable horse and a considerable share of the plate in the house. In no way discouraged, the good man seeks a fresh specimen of the robber tribe, and finds him in the person of one Splatare, who is rescued from the hands of the executioner by this amiable monomaniac at the cost of the lives of four honest men. But this sacrifice the Doctor is far from regretting, for the life of a human being is sacred to him, and the vic im of the gallows has been saved. Then he lavishes on the prodigal all imaginable care, fondly deluding himself with the idea that the reclaimed criminal is destined to become, under his tutelage, a veritable ornament of society. His whole establishment is at the service of Splatare, and the servants are commanded to treat him with the utmost deference. After four months' treatment, during according to the system he has adopted, a system in which bran baths and veal soup hold prominent place, the Doctor determines, as a complete restorative, to give his pretty niece, Clinon, in marriage to the robber. But here an obstacle arises. The young lady is already affianced to a neighbor, Lambros, and the very name of Spalatre is odious to her. The two lovers hit upon an expedient, which they immediately put into execution. Anicet, disguised as an executioner, arrives at the house of Bourguibus to claim the jail-bird for the gallows. The Doctor remonstrates with horror; but as executioners are assassins. Then the pretended Calcraft declares that he is passionately fond of Clinon, and that if Bourguibus will give her to him in marriage he will wink at Splatre's escape and will renounce his detestable profession. The Doctor is giving a somewhat willing ear to these proposals when a servant announces the sudden departure o' his patient. The apparition of the false executioner had sufficed to nullify all Bourguibus' clever treatment, and Spalatre had vanished on the Doctor's mule, and with his pockets stuffed with whatever silver his predecessor had been unable to carry off. The hatred of the penalty of death at once experiences a sudden revulsion of feeling. He looks on executioners as the saviors of mankind, and is quite disappointed at finding that the young man to whom he has promised his niece is only a pretended member of the noble profession. The piece abounds in sparkling bits, and was very well received. Noel Martin sustained the title role.

"LA FALAISE DE PENMARCK,"

a five-act drama, with a prologue by M. Crisafulli, was lately brought out at the Ambigu, Paris. *The Era*'s correspondent thus alludes to it: "The incident on which the play turns is a most painful case of incest; and though the situations in the drama are strong, with some fine opportunities for effect, no other judgment can be pronounced on the piece than that it is regrettable it should have ever seen the light. What fault I find in the piece is that, dramatically considered, its construction shows a deficiency in art, the principal parts not being brought into sufficient relief, while the secondary roles are, as it were, barely sketched before the spectators eyes. To object, too, and strongly, that when a subject so intensely disagreeable as the incident on which this play is founded has been made use of for dramatic purposes, no effort has been attempted to turn its lessons to moral advantage, the only object which could really justify in introduction to be fore an audience. The most artificial and morbid ideas of duty seem to actuate all the personages of the play from the rise to the fall of the curtain, and on this account far more than on any want of probability in the story, the new drama, exciting though it certainly is in many scenes, deserves, in my opinion, strong reprobation."

"LIBRES,"

M. Gondinet's five-act heroic drama, has replaced "Marie Tudor" at the Porte St. Martin, Paris. Its subject is the struggle of the Greeks for independence. The Suliotes are warring against the Pasha of Janina, and their heroic leader is Lambros. Unable to contend against the enemy in the open, the Suliote chief has to feign a retreat in order to lead him into the mountain rastnesses. But his people suspect Lambros of treachery, even his betrothed doubts his patriotism, and at last the Suliotes rush to arms in spite of his orders, and rush the success of all his plans. Failure attends his every effort, until, accompanied by a few brave companions, he makes a dashing onslaught on the Albanian army, and carries off as a prisoner its commander, the son of Pasha Ali. Then, presenting himself before the latter, he offers him the life of his son in exchange for the freedom of his country. But Ali, instead of listening to his terms, holds him prisoner and carries him in his train that he may be present at the final defeat of his countrymen. He attacks the Suliotes in their mountains, and, being suddenly surrounded, while his soldiers, routed and dispersed, leave him almost alone, is on the point of falling into the hands of the Greeks, when Lambros with generous pity throws his cloak over him, and bids him fly, as the Suliotes have won their country's freedom. The drama consists more of a succession of military episodes without any very apparent cohesion, than of a regular plot; but it is a brilliant and stirring picture for a whole people rising in defense of their hearths and homes.

A CONNECTICUT father has christened his daughter Glycerine. She will be good for chapped lips, for the old dad may have, in an unaccountable spirit of forbearance, forborne the proofs "Nitro," and no man likes to be blown up at close quarters.

CUPID'S FOIBLES, FOLLIES AND FANCIES

THE WISHING RING.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY EDWARD E. KIDDER.

'Tis only a slender circlet,
This mystical "gipsy band,"
Bestowed while my soul's existence
Lay deep in the lover's land;
But why do my pulses quicken
As I hold it in my hand?

Far better the vision ended,
Far better the words unsaid;
The wish that I formed hath faded,
The hopes that I held are dead;
Yet why do my eyes grow heavy
With the sorrow of tears unshed?

The love of a sultry Summer,
The walk in the starry night,
The clasp of the lily fingers,
The passionate parting rites,
The tale of a hope long cherished
'Neath the blaze of the Northern Lights.

All this comes back as a shadow,
As a dream that has passed away;
Let me cast it aside forever,
And think of the late day,
When I found that my golden idol
Was made of the common clay!

ANOTHER TRAGEDY WITH A WOMAN AT THE BOTTOM OF IT.

On Friday night, 5th inst., a bloody tragedy was enacted at the Park House, Thunderbolt, Ga., the victim thereof being a young man named Thomas McDonald, a Baltimorian, who was in charge of the racetrack there. He boarded at the Park House, which is kept by Mrs. Catherine Fogarty, and at night, when occasion required, he had voluntarily assisted at the bar. It was while thus engaged that he met his death in so sudden and violent a manner. Among the few boarders was a young woman named Lillie Rogers, with whom McDonald had always been on friendly terms, though no unusual intimacy had existed between them. Upon the night in question an impromptu dance was held there during the absence of the landlady, among the participants being Charles DeLarge, a young Charlestonian. He singled out the woman, Lillie Rogers as his partner, and was with her a greater portion of the evening. Both had been drinking, but it does not appear that either was greatly intoxicated, although Lillie Rogers is said to have been rather exuberant. About half-past eleven o'clock this young woman went into the bar-room, where McDonald was waiting on someone, and commenced frisking around him and occasioning him some annoyance; he told her to go way, but she refused to do so, and became quite violent and insulting to him. At last his patience was exhausted and he said 'Go way, I tell you; I don't want to strike a ——." A gentleman who was standing by said, "No, Tom, I wouldn't hurt one of the poor things," or something to that effect. The opprobrious word, however, seemed to have completely maddened the already excited woman, and clenching her hand she turned upon McDonald and threatened him. It was stated by a witness that she subsequently used the words, "I'll have him killed or kill him myself." The trouble culminated in an attack upon and the murder of McDonald, particulars of which are given in the following testimony taken at the coroner's inquest:

T. J. Abrams, sworn: I was present at the Park House at Thunderbolt on the night of the 5th inst. I saw Lillie Rogers and McDonald, the deceased, standing in the southeast corner of the bar-room between 2 and 3 o'clock on the morning of the 6th inst., Saturday. She appeared to be very much excited. Had her right hand in the pocket of a black alpaca dress. She called McDonald a son of a ——. I immediately went over to him and took him by the right arm and asked him what was the matter. She replied, saying he had insulted her. I took him by the arm and walked over in the direction of the counter. She followed us. I asked him what was the matter. He said he hardly knew himself. She then sat on the ice-box near the north end of the counter with quite a party around her, telling what was the matter. At that time I was standing with McDonald at the end of the counter. I was nearest to Lillie Rogers. The first remark I heard was McDonald called her a ——, or a ——. She jumped behind the counter at the same end. She then turned towards the shelf and took up a glass saying, "You —— son of a ——, you called me a ——." McDonald then passed behind me, going behind the counter. As he passed me Charles DeLarge came up to me and said, "Don't let that man hurt my woman, or that woman—I am not certain which. I said: "Why, he wouldn't hurt a hair of her head." In the meantime McDonald had got behind the counter at the north end, with his left side to the counter, his right side toward the shelf behind it. I jumped behind the counter and caught McDonald on his right shoulder with my left hand, pulling him towards me. McDonald had the woman by both her hands or wrists, my impression is, to hold her and prevent her from striking him. Just at that moment Charles DeLarze jumped between my right side and the shelf where the glasses are kept and struck McDonald on the head. At the same time I threw out my right hand and pushed DeLarge back. He staggered backward by some barrels near the counter. I was still holding McDonald with my left hand. I saw no knife or any other weapon in DeLarge's hand, or in anyone else's hand. I did not see the woman strike him. Soon after the first blow was struck McDonald wheeled around, and I let him go at the same time. As I stepped back DeLarge advanced upon McDonald again and struck him another blow on the left side of the head. Some one hallooed, "Put out the lights." I walked toward the front door. As I reached the middle of the room the lights were put out. I went on out the door and saw a negro driver named Jacob standing there. It was bright enough for me to see that blood was on my left hand, and I said, "Jacob, look at this." He said, "Yes, sir, and there is blood on your sleeve." In about a minute or two the lamps were relighted and I returned into the room. Then I saw two men behind the counter. One man had a billet in his hand. This was Mr. Reilly. He was not near McDonald. The man in my left hand a pistol in his hand. Someone came in said, "McDonald, poor man, is dying." I went into the kitchen, and there I saw McDonald on his knees, held by a large colored man. I did not know at the time that McDonald was seriously injured. He died about three-quarters of an hour afterward. When I went back into the bar-room after McDonald died, one of the boys in the bar handed me a leather sheath of a dirk-knife. (The sheath was exhibited to the jury and turned over to the coroner.) I am sure De

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Profession.

CLIPPER POST-OFFICE.

☞ A STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed, must be enclosed for each and every letter, and the line of business allowed for the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

LADIES' LIST.

Alexander, Sara
Archer, Fannie
Antonio, Dora
Adams, Nellie
Brevoort, Kate
Baldwin, Mrs. C. S. (2)
Bernard, Mrs. Geo. W.
Berger, Anna
Burke, Nellie M. (2)
Bush, Dora
Brennan, Mrs. R. A.
Bidwell, Louise (2)
Bidwell, Mrs. Dollie
Bender, Mrs. Anna
Berlin, Miss
Cushman, Charlotte
Coventry, Julia S.
Carers, Isalia
Cappole, Mrs. Ada
Childs, Dollie
Cleveland, Nellie (2)
Carlisle, Ida
Crosbie, Tessie
Craven, Winnetta
Clifton, Louie M.
Chapman Sisters
Crome, Amy
Carroll, Jennie
Davenport, Maude
Moore, Marguretta B.
Mortimer, Mrs. Annie 6c.
Nichols, Louisa
Negie, Malinda
O'Neil, Kathleen
O'Brian, Norah
Osborne, Rose
Pearl, Amy L.
Poineer, Marie
Phillips, Isabella
Quigley, Jennie
Richmond, Lulu (2)
Rosetta, Mlle.
Richards, Pauline
Ross, Fatile
Ryan, Mrs. Belvil
Reed, Mrs. Chas. F.
Stanley, Charlotte
Stuckney, Sallie
Sebastian, Eliza
Sutherland, Agnes
Swift, Sallie
Stewart, Annie
Tyson, Annie
Troy, Cassie
Taylor, Mrs. Jas.
Whittin, Mrs.
West, Nellie
Walters, Archie
Willson, Mollie
Zoonstil, Zoe
Davis, Ellee
Dalpine, Kate
Denning, May
Dering, Fanny
Ferd, Celia
Lee, Miss F. K.
La Rue, Ella
Lockwood, Mrs. Cela
Lawlor, Mrs. W. F.
Lee, Minnie
Le Brun, Marie
Morrell, Christie
Misco, Mrs. Thos.

GENTLEMEN'S LIST.

Almonte, E.
Austin, Nat
Airy, Edward (2)
Aymar, Wm. T. (2
Ashcroft, Wm.
Anva, Mr.
Armstrong, Harry
Barnes, C. B.
Buckley, Harry
Bailey & Cirese & Menag.
Boyd & Scott
Bailey, Harry
Barry, Chas. W
Boyer, Philip
Burton, Clarence (2)
Benedict, J. C.
Bolton, Charlie (2
Bowdoin, J.
Burk, Serst. J. E.
Burke, John M.
Barcus' — Manager of the Japs
Batchelor, Wm. H (2)
Barber Bros.
Berry, Green (agent)
Bray, Walter
Blitz, Eugene
Benn, Walter
Barrett, Lawrence
Boyd, Chas. (2 lon'y and dance)
Budd, Jake
Belayner, Antonio
Bondtelt, Gales M.
Butler & Chrisdie
Booker, Harrie
Ballent, Sig. Henry
Byron, Fred.
Brooks, Harry
Brooks, Mr. (of Buckley's minstrels)
Barnabo, A.
Bliss, A.
Boswold, Chas.
Brest, Alex.
Bary, Jr., Frank
Barry, Tom
Byers, Wm.
Carr, Lewis B.
Campbell, Jos. H.
Curtis, Isaac
Cassidy, John
Chabao, Juan 12c.
Conway, Billy
Crew & Hibert
Clark, Geo. M.
Carroll, W. B.
Conklin, Pete
Conrad, Chas.
Cavana, Lew
Charles, Sam'l
Carton, Jas. E.
Canon, Johnny
Crusoe, Chas. A.
Callender's Minstrels
Corbyn, Harry W.
Coleman, Mr. & Coleman Sisters
Curtis, Burt.
Clarke, H. G.
Clark, Fred. Geo. C.
Charles, Geo. C.
Dbandler, A. A.
Chanks, C. B.
Columbus, Sig.
Cliker, Wm.
Dumphell, J. H. (2)
Collom, Andy J.
Cronin, Mr. (of Tearney & Cronin)
Cook, Louis B.
Cody, W. F. ("Buffalo Bill")(2)
Cobb, William
Cappola, Sig.
Chiriki, Martinle
Cevolla, A.
Cole, W. W. (2)
Comiags, Jas.
Coie, Lew
Crane, Hal.
Cammel, John
Cunnion, Ed. B. (2)
Coleman, J. Jeo.
De Haven, Claude
De Vere, Dan
Dubois, Geo.
Diamond, Charlie
Davies, E. D. (3)
De Marbelle, Dson
Davies, M. L.
Dobson, Chas. E.
Dorsch, J.
Duncan, James (agent)
Day, Chas. H.
Degnon, Chas.
Dutton, W.
Dobson, Frank P.
Esler, James
Edwards, Chas. G
Earert, Prof. John (2)
Edwards, J. R.
Ellis, Alfred
Ellis, H. W. (comedian)
Eades, Harry
Ekert, Prof. John
Frederici, John (2)
Fulton, Ed.
Foley & McIntyre
Fox, Eddie C.
Freeth, J. W.
Foley, Mike
Fostelle, Chas.
Forbes, Chas. A.
Franklin, W. H.
Fort, J. Nell
Foster, Jesse W.
Francis, Sig.
Forepaugh, Adam
Forbes, Chas. (manager)
Felton & Miller
Forepaugh, Jack
Fox, Master Willie
Flatley, Patrick
Florentine, Mons.
Farwell, C. H.
"Francois"
Gaffney, Andrew
Holt, Bland
Howard, G. G. (2)
Hamilton, Charles
Holman, Geo.
Haman, Geo. H.
Harris, Geo. D.
Healey, W. B.
Howard, Jas.
Harrish & Carle
Hagg, H. C.
Hogan, John
Hudson, Harry F.
Hawkesley, H. (2)
Holdon, Frank
Hickey, Johnny
Hoselie & Murtz (2)
Hicken, Harry
Harris, Charlie Jos.
Haight, J.
Howard, Chas. T.
Harrison, Charlie
Haney wood, H.
Hardenbrook, Dr
J. A. (2)
Harwood, Charles (soprano)
Houston, Frank
Henri, H.
Hanley, M. W. (3)
Hanley, E. (ballad ist)
Holly, Jas.
Hammond, John
Hengler, T.
Holland, S. T.
Hagne, Jr., Sam
Hengler, T. M. (2)
Holston, Art
Harper, Thos.
Hamilton, Fred.
Hart, Chas. G.
Hawkins, Jas. R.
Harrison, C. (humorist)
Hicks, C. B.
Hartwell, Will
Hurlburt, Geo. C.
Stubbs, Stokes
Stanley, Ernest (2)
Stephens, E. H.
Sorlie, A.
Stanley, Burton
Spencer, Chas.
Sydelle, Jas.
Saville, Stephen (2)
Stowe, Will H.
Shay, Charlie
Stiles, Jack
Sandbrook, J. (actor)
Schwarz, A.
Sexton, M. C. (2)
Smart, John H.
Schoenbuhnite prima donna) (2)
Seymour, W.
Stebbins, Geo. C.
Scofield, Geo. E.
Smith, Chas.
Salsbury, Nathan
Smith, John J.
Norris, Prof. S. W.
O'Brien, Fred.
O'Neil, Jas.
Ogden, R. Dorsey "Professional"
Pullman Bros. (3)
Parker, Ned
Pritchard, Spencer
Phillips, Granville
Phillips, Gus ("Dotty Goofy")
Pool, T. E.
Primrose, Geo. (2)
Pedanto, Sig.
Pell & White
Pell, Chas.
Peak, Eddie S. 3c.
Pullman, Henry
Parmore, Jas.
Pullman, Giles
Pell, C. W.
Parker, B. Hagent
Pritchard, Spencer
Quinn, Jas. M.
Queen, Montgomery (5)
Rouse, W. A.
Russell, L. H.
Rossille & Murtz (2)
Robbins, Master Frank
Rivers, Johnny
Rubini, Sig. (2)
Rawson, Warren S. Sc.
Ryan, Belvil
Roscoe, Geo.
Reichl, Henry
"Roller Skates"
Raymond, Frank
Roberts, C.
Reynolds, W. B.
Rostetter, Will J.
Roland, C.
Robinson, Wm. J. (musician)
Rogers, N.
Robinson, Gil
Ross, Jimmy
Stewart, G. W.
Seeley, Chas. (2)
Sanford & Weaver (2)
Sanford, Col. C. J.
Sylvester, F.
Stokes, S. Q.
Seamon, P. K.
Stickney, R. S.
Swift, (skating)
Hurlburt, Geo. C.
Stubbs, Stokes
Stanley, Ernest (2)
tephens, E. H.
Sorlie, A.
Stanley, Burton
Spencer, Chas.
Sydelle, Jas.
Saville, Stephen (2)
Stowe, Will H.
Shay, Charlie
Stiles, Jack
Sandbrook, J. (actor)
Schwarz, A.
Sexton, M. C. (2)
Smart, John H.
Schoenbuhnite prima donna) (2)
Seymour, W.
Stebbins, Geo. C.
Scofield, Geo. E.
Smith, Chas.
Salsbury, Nathan
Smith, John J.
Norris, Prof. S. W.
O'Brien, Fred.
O'Neil, Jas.
Ogden, R. Dorsey "Professional"
Thompson, Jas.
Tompkins, Jas.
Tyler, Chas. H.
Tyler, Harry (comedian)
Thornton, Capt. A. G.
Treville, Walter
Talbot, Harry
Uber, Frank (2)
Unsworth, Jas.
Vantini, Mons.
Van Amburgh & Co.'s Circus
Victorelli, H. (2)
Vine, G.
Volaby, Chas.
Vernon, D. S. (2)
Wade, Thos.
Werner, Master (2)
Widman, F. J.
Whitney, Johnny
Washburn, B. S. (5)
White, J. W.
Wayne, Burt (2)
Ware, Geo. (3) 3c.
Wiggins, Geo.
Wills, Frank
White, Coon
Whitman, Nelson
Wilson, Mike
Williams, Jesse (2)
Watkins, H. (manager)
Worley, C.
Wilson, Thos.
Wyman, Alf.
Whalley, H.
West, S. S.
Woodard, J. A.
Ziegler, Prof. Chas.
Zero, Prof.

INTRODUCTORY OVERTURE.

MONDAY, Dec. 15, '73.

Aside from the discussion as to the constructive abilities of a rising young dramatist known as D. Boucicault, Esq., the transactions of the week have been rather limited, and the theatrical market has been languid and tame. We have no desire to take part in the dispute anent the Boucicault, but we may be pardoned for denouncing the effort made in certain quarters to deprive the youthful dramatist of the honors belonging to him. Plays that we *know* were invented by that gentleman have actually been credited to the French school, which, in fact, *stole* them from Mr. B., and, clothing them in new costumes, palmed them as original. But William Shakespeare suffered in the same way; for although it is an established truth that William "writ and composed ye playe of ye 'Humpty Dumpty,'" yet there are those mean enough to seek to rob him of his laurels and to place the wreath upon the immortal brow of G. Fox, Esq. We do not wish to be understood as detracting from the mental calibre of George when we make this startling announcement. Our motto is "render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's," and so forth; but we demand the right to be heard in defense of William, who long ago became deceased, and is unable to battle for his own rights. Why, it is well known that to this very day there are many sordid and groveling creatures who condemn William as an arrant knave and impostor, and claim the authorship of Shakespeare's plays to rightfully belong to one Bacon. W. Shakespeare, Esq., was the only dramatist of *his* day, as D. Boucicault, Esq., is of the present; and all the vile calumnies of his enemies cannot expunge this record from our statutes; not, mind you, because Mr. Boucicault would enter the lists in his own defense, for he is too modest and retiring for that, but because the *vox populi* ["voice of the people"—ED. CLIP.] would denounce the outrage, and drag the unassuming young dramatist from his self-sought obscurity and unveil his merits to a wondering world. Had it not been for the intervention of an unbridled press, we should still have been in ignorance as to the authorship of the play known as "Hamlet." Bacon claimed it, Pooh-Bah claimed it, and scores of other writers claimed it; and rather than egotistically dispute those claims, D. Boucicault, Esq., like Uriah Heep, was so humble that, like Hon. Benjamin Butler, Esq., he maintained a studied silence while vampires were sucking his life's-blood away. The press, the great lever that moves the world, sought out Mr. Boucicault in his retirement and seclusion, and forced from him his consent to the making public of the great truth that he, Boucicault, wrote "Hamlet" before Poole or McCloskey had even been thought of; and thus, through the paladium of our liberties, another lie was "nailed to the counter." Why, it is enough to make one happen to know that Mr. Boucicault is engaged in writing no less than twelve fresh and original plays; but ere the American people have been permitted to learn the names of his new productions, the latter will have been gobbled up and appropriated by foreign spies and mercenaries, who steal the livery of the gods to serve the devil in. A certain degree of modesty may well become a man; but when diffidence and humility are carried beyond the bounds of right and reason, as in the case of Mr. B., it is then the duty of the press to stretch forth its fast-wreathing hand, and bring to the light of day the self-immured victim of literary abnegation and suicidism. In this connection we may be allowed to state that, after much persuasion, we have been permitted to see the manuscript of an entirely new tragedy upon which the youthful Dion is now engaged in putting the finishing touches. We inquired of him whether he had any objections to our making public the name of the tragedy. "Not to the *name*," said he with his innate modesty; "but do not, I pray you, give the name of the *author*." Here it is that the man's true nature shines forth in all the brilliant corruscations of colored fire. The title of this beautiful creation is "Shylock," and, despite the appeals of the author, we feel it to be our duty to say that D. Boucicault is the composer. It is founded upon the story of a Chatham-street gentleman of the Hebrew persuasion, who loaned money to clerks and defaulting bank-cashiers, etc. It is well put together, and is destined to take its place by the side of the works of Shakespeare, Moliere, and *ne plus ultra* ["No more beyond."—ED. CLIP.]. Thus much in behalf of one who is too retiring to speak for himself, thus much in defense of right and justice.....One day last week we were waited upon by a neatly-dressed, respectably-appearing gentleman, who looked as though he might be a member of the Young Men's Christian Association, or of Henry Bergh's corps of uncruel detectives. He asked to see "Our Jim." It seems that he had been reading some of Jim's quaint remarks on things, and desired to see the author in person. We called the youth; and, it being near lunch-time, he obeyed with more than his usual alacrity. The conversation that ensued between these two we give in the order in which it occurred:

MAN.—Are you the person they call Our Jim?

JIM.—Ime not a *person* they call Our Jim, but ime Jim hisself.

MAN.—I'm a friend ——

JIM.—Reel Quaker, from Fillamadelf? Give us your hand, old pal.

MAN.—A friend of the human race.

JIM.—I *thort* you was a old sport. When does the race cum off?

MAN.—You mistake me, young man; I am not an old sport, but I seek to promote the rising generation of rather unnumerable insects that grovel in the labyrinths of translucent idiosyncracies.

JIM.—Guess you didn't take yourn straight, old pard? Somebody's been mixin' yer lickers.

MAN.—You are a literary character?

JIM.—Ealing ink a few when the boss is off color; otherwise, I'm a settler.

MAN.—Don't you get tired of settin' so much?

JIM.—Not if it's fat—big pictars, old ads. made new, and dubbel-price stuff. I kin stand a good deal of settin like that.

MAN.—Excuse me, young man; but did it ever occur to you that your spelling is incorrect, that your articles are made ridiculous through bad spelling?

JIM.—Me nobil friend, air your life insured? No man ever lived twised who used wurds like them. I'm spelin jest as they used to in the lunsh-rums won't know them no more forever.

MAN.—I crave you mercy, young man, but I beg to *insist* that your spelling is all wrong; you have been taught in a bad school, and ——

JIM.—What! [*Tableau*—Man being carried out on a shutter to slow music, while the youthful James stands waving the tree flag of Cuba as he ascends in the elevator to the composing-room.]

.....Some folks have odd ideas. We attended Clara Morris' benefit in Philadelphia last Friday night. While the emotional Clara was doing her mad scene in "Article 47," we overheard one man ask another if he (the latter) was the man that beat Ned Forrest's Damon and Pythias.'" Appropos of Clara, she is now going it alone. In the Quaker City she opened to a mild and slender house, but her benefit on Saturday night was a perfect crush. Like *Oliver Twist*, she "asked for more," and the result was that the house was crowded in every part, even the orchestra being occupied by her admirers, while the uncomplaining musicians were thrust out of sight.

WORDS TO CLARA.

Strike high in life for the golden prizes,
Never look downward, whate'er you may do;
Never turn back—look straight where you rise—
Let your purpose in art be steadfast and true.
The past fades apace and the future's before you;
The clouds of the night shall but herald the morn;
Golden crowns will be handed you first smile to the day.
Then onward, press onward, not far is the dawn.

.....The circus is a great power down South. In a pious spot in Texas, as we learn from a local paper, the regular Thursday prayer-meeting was postponed, owing to the circus being in town." A row took place while the show was going on, and the pious ones took a hand in, to the disgust and mortification of the marauders.....Trapezists and flying fairies must look before they leap. Some time ago a man of the air, while doing his trapeze love-like feats before the people, inadvertently lost his grip, dropped from his airy nothings, and fetched up on the back of a man in the parquet; saving himself, you will perceive, but discouraging the man on whom he flopped. The accident came off at Fox's American, Philadelphia, and the injured man has sued the manager for damages, although Our Jim thought that the man got damages enough from the other feller.....The man who keeps time with his feet to the music of the orchestra got nipped the other night. He happened to be seated next to a son of toil; and in the fantasmo passage he brought one foot down on that of his neighbor. Instantly the son of toil lowered his iron-clad, spiked boots onto the aggressor's monitors, and we have *heard* that *one* foot has been amputated, and "fears are entertained for the other." We have no pity for the injured one. A man who will beat time in a theatre deserves to be beaten himself.....Our Jim wants to know whether "the wonderful man fish" advertised at the varieties is the man Fish from Washington, our present Secretary of State. We thought it best to let the boy wonder in his blissful ignorance, as the saddening what serious and injurious effects the non-payment of back-salaries has upon opera-singers. There's Nilsson, for instance, who is just as well and hearty as ever she was; yet Strakosch, her manager, has been telling the good people of Philadelphia that she is ill that she cannot sing. Let Max pay up old scores, and she will at once tackle all the new scores that he may give her.....One thing we don't like to see on the stage is a Christmas dinner with a wooden turkey for the principal feature. It is terribly unsatisfying to the banqueters, especially when they have had no lunch. But what worries us more than all is to see an actress, who has been jerked from a watery grave, come upon the stage just as though she had emanated fresh from the hands of hr dressmaker and hairdresser. A pall of gloom settled upon her would make it appear that she *had* been rescued from a heavy wet. Let this little thing be attended to hereafter.....Salvini the modern Samson is credited with having been called out nine times on one evening. Our Jim says he'd like to be the man could have shown to advantage" on the stage if he took gin every time he was "called out." Claquers are becoming a necessary aid with some first-class stars and first-class theatres.....Is there any danger of the Union-square management being "Led Astray" by Boucicault's extreme modesty and lack of confidence in his own abilities?.....The Woman in White," now on exhibition at the Broadway Theatre, was *not* made so through a too-free use of pearl powder.....Rev. George Hepworth's latest lecture is a conundrum, viz., "Who Shall Win?" Our Jim says he has a reference to, the man who holds four aces can rake down the persimmons every time. If it's euchre, the right and left bower and ace of trumps can be depended upon to pull a man through. George should be a trifle more explicit, and designate his little game.....A man who intends to open with a new and superior side-show" next Spring, wishes us to inform him where he can procure "a patent giraffe" and a "copyrighted blower." It is evident that our friend has not been through the early stages of the gripsack.....The circus boys are already planning for the future. The show was going on, what disastrous, very few concerns closing up with a margin to their profit account. Nevertheless, a better season is anticipated for 1874, and the rivalry is likely to be just as animated as heretofore.....A "Friend," in a private and confidential note, inquires "whether Herr Lind, now at the Grand Opera-house, is the same that was here some years ago, and known as the Swedish Nightingale." No, friend; *this* Herr is a *him*.

CITY SUMMARY.

"THE CHILDREN IN THE WOOD," a spectacular extravaganza in three acts and a prologue, was produced for the first time in America at Niblo's Garden on Dec. 8. It was written by E. L. Blanchard, and originally produced at the Drury Lane Theatre, London, Eng., as the Christmas entertainment. The curtain did not fall after the prologue, and we presume the second act was divided to permit the setting of the transformation scene. It was mounted with freshly painted scenery by W. Voeztlin; properties, tricks and changes by W. Henry and Mr. Verns; costumes by Mr. and Mrs. Vokes, Sr., of London; and machinery by John Leo and assistants. An original medley overture and new ballet music had been composed by M. Connelly, and John Weatherspoon had the direction of the calcium lights. The ballets and incidental dances were arranged by Frederick and Fawdon Vokes, and under the personal supervision of the former the spectacle was produced. The cast was as follows:

THE PROLOGUE.

Columbia.....Ressie Sudlow
Old Father Time.....E. K. Collier
Day.....Miss Annie Wilton
Night.....Miss Rosina Vokes
Month.....Miss Fannie Lee

THE PLAY.

Sir Rowland.....Fred'k Vokes
Master William.....Miss Victoria Vokes
Miss Mary.....Rosina Vokes
Winifred.....Miss Jessie Vokes
Geoffrey.....Fawdon Vokes
Rufus.....W. B. Cahill
Walter.....James Collins
Gabriel Graybeard.....W. Bruione
Queen Mab.....Bessie Sudlow

The spectacle is simply an illustration of several nursery legends, interspersed with ballet dancing and tableaux. The action of the prologue occurs in the abode of Old Father Time. In the flat is seen a large clock with the minute hand past the hour of twelve. Large volumes containing the records of the various years, appropriately labeled, are seen lying in confusion, and twelve ladies representing the hours are grouped in a semicircle across the stage. Old Father Time, clad in white robes, with the traditional long flowing white hair and beard, and bearing a scythe and hour-glass, addressed in rhyme the attendant hours and sang "The Vicar of Bray." Day, Week, Month, Cupid, Invention and Columbia are respectively summoned, and as they depart upon their several missions the scene changes to Maggie Hall. Here the Vokes Family display their peculiar abilities in songs, dances and various antics, Victoria and Rosina acting the two children, and Frederic the cruel uncle, Sir Rowland. The latter wore a long black trick moustache, which assumed the most comical attitudes, apparently of its own volition. A march of the attendants at the ball, prior to serving a banquet, created much merriment. First came a number wearing grotesque masks, with kitchen implements of tin for breastplates and helmets, and bearing forks larger than their own figures. These were followed by an equal number bearing spoons of like dimensions, and made up with comically-distorted faces. Then came the viands for the banquet, which is thoroughly ruined by the pranks of the children and Geoffrey, ere it can be partaken of. The children are then put to bed in couches placed in alcoves to the right and left of the central entrance. Drapery conceals the occupants from the audience, and as the scene changes they are discovered lying asleep upon their couches in dreamland, at "The Ivory Gate of Dreams leading to the dominion of Queen Mab." Upon the flat is seen a castle of the Turkish style of architecture, while the overhangings and surroundings are of a bright and glittering character, forming a child's dream of fairy-land. In front of the castle, amid shrubbery composed of rare gems, there pass, apparently in the air, *tableaux vivants* of the following nursery legends: Cinderella, Jack the Giant-killer, Blue Beard about to slay one of his wives, Little Red Riding-hood and the Wolf, Aladdin Kneeling to the Magician, Puss in Boots, Four and Twenty Blackbirds Baked in a Pie (some of them seen fluttering on the top crust), and the Old Woman who Lived in a Shoe. These charcters were impersonated by children richly costumed and appropriately made up, and the tableaux were very effective. A ballet entitled "Gossamer Dreams," which closed the act, introduced many faces seen during the run of "The Black Crook," and also Mlle. Marie Bonfanti, who made her first appearance on this stage after an absence of five years. She was enthusiastically welcomed, and seems to have lost none of her artistic grace and agility. Among the coryphees we noticed Gabrielle and Caroline Schrotter, Carrie Haines, Fanny Lucille, Viro Ferrand, Bertha, Lizzie Dark and others. Act second opened in the breakfast parlor of Maggie Hall, where Sir Rowland confides to Rufus the ruffian his plan for the murder of the children, so that he may retain their wealth. A number of songs were here sung which met with favor. The dancing scene reveals Fox-glove Dell on the skirts of the forest. Here the Madrigal Boys, attired like gipsies, sang an original song and chorus with a pleasing melody, entitled "The Gipsy Tent," which was redemanded. The third scene shows the depth of the forest, and the children enter in infants' carriages drawn by Rufus the ruffian and Walter the woodman. Rufus discloses to the children his villainous intention of murdering them, and as he is about so to do Walter seizes a sword, and in a burlesque combat overpowers Rufus, and preserves the lives of the children. He leaves them to sleep upon a mossy bank whilst he goes for assistance. Immediately after his departure squirrels come upon the stage from all directions, some apparently scampering down the limbs of the trees, others coming from the various entrances; birds of various kinds, including crows, yellow birds, sparrows, etc., join the squirrels and they conjointly perform a ballet. Both squirrels and birds were performed by small children, and the costumes presented a wonderful semblance to nature. A charming ballet entitled "The Fall of the Leaf," with Mlle. Bonfanti as the central figure, closed the act. The groupings and poses were exceedingly beautiful and picturesque. The third act opens in the Bat's Cave. Rufus claims the reward of Sir Rowland, and exhibits the children's handkerchiefs in proof that he has slain them. Sir Rowland, believing himself secure, refuses to-pay a penny, and, much to the dismay of Rufus, Walter leads on the children, and a burlesque combat with trick swords and daggers, between Rufus and Sir Rowland, closes the dramatic portion of the spectacle; and the transformation scene, which was very bright, glittering and beautiful, closed the performances. The spectacle, viewed solely as such, and as a holiday entertainment, may be pronounced attractive and pleasing, and will prove a source of unflagging amusement to children. Besides the acting of the Vokes Family, E. K. Collier's excellent impersonation of Old Father Time, W. B. Cahill's burlesque acting as Rufus, and the natural and quiet acting, as well as correct singing, of James Collins as Walter, deserve special commendation. Although the attendance was large on the opening night, it dropped off during the week.

A FREE ADAPTATION by Thomas Whiffin of Alexandre Dumas' new comedy-drama in five acts, entitled "Diane," was acted for the first time in this city at the Broadway Theatre on Dec. 2, and continued during the week. It was cast as follows:

Diane de Lys..	Count de Lys.. Thos. Whiffin
Alice Dunning Lingard Tanpin.....	George Griffiths
Marchioness de Neray.....	Maximillian de Ternon.....
Mrs. LeBrun	H. Godfrey
Marcelline..... Miss S. Galton	Groom of the Chambers.....
Jenny..... Miss Le Brun	Rufus..... Rouse
Duke de Riva.. Frank Curtis	Paul..... Dorsay Ogden

The adaptation may be pronounced a good one. It is evident that the dialogue has been considerably curtailed, and but few liberties have been taken with the language. It is a satire upon married life as it exists in France. A maiden there is carefully guarded and watched from her infancy until her marriage day. She never goes out for a walk, or even into society, but that she is under the watchful care of her mother or some elderly duenna. The freedom allowed to English or American girls is never permitted in France. If an unmarried lady were seen promenading with one of the opposite sex, even in the broad daylight, her reputation would be seriously compromised. Marriage alone gives them freedom, and for this they marry. Mutual love does not seem to be necessary for the consummation of marriage, and the gentleman oft-times forms the alliance to replenish his exchequer. An inexperienced maiden is the first victim to the wiles of life and acquainted only with the conventionalities of society, immediately after her marriage is thrown suddenly into the vortex of fashionable dissipation. Why wonder, then, that she may commit acts which, although her honor is unsullied, will attach scandal to her name? The story of the drama will best illustrate our point.

The Count de Lys, of an ancient and honorable family, seeks to repair his damaged fortunes by an alliance with a wealthy heiress. He finds the object of his search in from school, who, in obedience to her father's wishes, bestows upon him her hand, which carries with it a dowry of four millions of francs. Immediately after her marriage she enters society, her husband neglects her, treats her with formal politeness, but is indifferent to her love. He is almost continually absent from her side. The gaieties, pleasures and cares of fashionable society claim her own purity, she uses her newly gained freedom somewhat recklessly. She goes with her intimate friend Marcelline on an excursion to meet Maximillian Ternon, with whom she had clandestinely correspondent during her school days, and, arriving there in advance of him, she then discovers that he is about to Marcelline, who, unmarried, the object of her visit. Marcelline, shocked at the avowal, insists upon her immediate return to her home, and advises that she shall receive her friend there. Diane consents, and subsequently receives him in the room and drawers for note-paper upon which to write a message to Maximillian. While thus engaged she finds a letter from the latter, who owns the studio in the house which she reads. Taking off her gloves to write, she also withdraws a ring from her hand, which she places upon a table. Maximillian enters, upbraids her for marrying another, and a sharp and witty dialogue occurs between them. Diane, in accordance with her promise to Marcelline, refuses to prolong the interview, and requests him to leave her in her residence, whither he offers to escort her, but which offer she declines, requesting him to leave the apartment first, in order that she may release Marcelline, who concealed herself behind a screen upon hearing Maximillian approaching the apartment. Hearing the approach of footsteps in the room, Marcelline hastily takes her departure (leaving the ring upon the table) as Paul, the proprietor of the studio, enters. In the following act Diane's mother-in-law, Countess de Lys, has high conduct (in the previous act), which has given rise to much scandal. Maximillian calls and finally introduces Paul, the artist, to Diane, and leaves them together. Diane, having learned from the latter's perusal of a letter to his mother that he was in want of money, has, through an agent, purchased a picture she saw hanging in his studio, and given an order for a companion picture upon his easel should be completed for her. In the course of conversation Paul alludes indirectly to the scandal which has touched her reputation, and in reply to a remark to her that she is his patron, replies that it is only charity, and after seeing the ring upon her hand accuses her of learning of his pecuniary difficulties through the surreptitious perusal of his letter to his mother. A train of explosions follow, and Diane requests Paul to become her friend, to advise her in all matters of moment, promising in faithfully observe his instructions. This gives rise to several visits upon the part of Paul, and in the following act we find that this friendship has ripened into a maddening love between them, and in reply to a remark to her that she is his patron, replies that it is only charity, and after seeing the ring upon her hand accuses her of learning of his pecuniary difficulties through the surreptitious perusal of his letter to his mother. A train of explosions follow, and Diane requests Paul to become her friend, to advise her in all matters of moment, promising in faithfully observe his instructions. This gives rise to several visits upon the part of Paul, and in the following act we find that this friendship has ripened into a maddening love between them, and in reply to a remark to her that she is his patron, replies that it is only charity, and after seeing the ring upon her hand accuses her of learning of his pecuniary difficulties through the surreptitious perusal of his letter to his mother. A train of explosions follow, and Diane requests Paul to become her friend, to advise her in all matters of moment, promising to

nells in his Dutch specialties made a hit. The troupe remains here until the 28th, and begins a New England circuit in New Haven, Ct., on the 22d. Mr. C. W. Mitchell joined the party here as general agent, with J. H. Shorey as assistant. J. M. Ward and Miss Montague come Christmas week."

LOTTA CLOSE, supported by John A. Whiteley's dramatic company, played at Atchison, Kas., during the past week.

MANAGERS desiring to engage Maud Grey for her dissolving statue specialty, can address her agents, Jones & Daly of Philadelphia.

S. C. FRANCE, the well-known comedian, brought suit during the past week at Baltimore, Md., against the parents of Little Neil for $93.54, the amount being alleged to be due him for salary and for money loaned during a brief traveling tour in the season of 1872-3.

AT THE NEW THEATRE in Jersey City, N. J., Mrs. James A. Oates' Comic Opera Company played to a succession of good houses during the past week. The Lingard Comedy Company are to perform there Dec. 15, 16, 17, and Charles Parsloe and a company will fill out the week with "The Streets of New York."

J. F. SHERRY'S NEW YORK THEATRE is billed at the Opera-house, Titusville, Pa., Dec. 19, 20.

HOOLEY'S DRAMATIC COMPANY, from Chicago, Ill., played at Fort Wayne, Ind., Dec. 9, Logansport 10, played at Fort Wayne, Ind., Dec. 9, Logansport 10, Lafayette 11, 12, Springfield, Ill., 13, and is to be at Bloomington 15, 16, Peoria 17, 18, thence to Chicago.

FELIX A. VINCENT'S NEW YORK AND WESTERN THEATRE performed during the past week at Bucyrus, O.

LAWRENCE BARRETT is to start on a tour on Dec. 15, supported by a dramatic company, under the management of Thomas W. Davey, opening at Waterbury, Ct., on that date, playing there the following night, and thence to New Haven 17. Worcester, Mass., 18, Springfield 19, Westfield 20, Hartford, Ct., 21, New York, 22, Yale 23, Charles Peters, Tom Warfield and Master Charley. Dan Ryan was to have appeared Dec. 8.

MCGINNIS' GEM COMEDY COMPANY performed at Charleston, Ill., Dec. 12, 13, and goes from thence to Effingham 15, 16, Vandalia 17, 18, Centralia 19, 20, Mt. Vernon during the holidays.

CLOUDS GATHERING INLAND from the Pacific, and rain falling in rapid, intermittent showers, gave token this week that Winter, with its days of wind and rain and balm and sunshine, is now upon us, wrote our correspondent at San Francisco, Cal., on Dec. 6, continuing:

The attendance at the theatres lessens at the first rainfall of the season, but usually increases afterwards, when Winter sets in and the frequently recurring showers are indeed so more than welcome in the fair days of Summer. The theatres suffered in attendance on two or three nights this week but now business is improving, and the immediate future is bright, while the approach of the holidays appears to be full of promise. The California Theatre has been liberal recently in giving local dramatists a chance to exhibit their wares, but it is to be made out to consider home productions in the future, the manager will not be entirely at fault. It is to be hoped no fresh impetus will be given to playwriting by the production of "Cuba," the latest drama by a local author that was acted at the California on Dec. 1. The piece, as might be expected from the title, depended upon the possible excitement of the hour for success; but as no excitement exists in this vicinity it met with a failure. After being acted twice, "Cuba" was withdrawn on the 3d in favor of "The Lancashire Lass," in which Mr. Barton Hill will garner an uncommonly fine characterization of A Party by the Name of Johnson. On the 4th and 5th "Lost in London" was acted with spirit, and its production followed by "Our Irish Cousins," with the season of Mrs. C. R. Saunders, a talented and experienced actress, who has few equals in the portrayal of quaint, eccentric characters. She acted Teddy Dyas with great power, and was favored with rounds of applause. Barton Hill was eminently impressive and pathetic as Amroyd, and Miss Ellie Wilton, who, in the absence of Annie Graham, has filled the position of the leading business during the past two weeks, exhibited considerable power as Nellie Amroyd. Miss Wilton brings a pleasing face and a natural manner to the stage, and both of these are serves encouragement as a conscientious and improving actress. Thus far she has filled Miss Graham's place quite acceptably. "Our Guardian" was played quite acceptably. "Our Guardian" was played at the new house on the 6th, with Barton Hill as d'Artagnan, supported by Lewis Morrison, Edwards, Williamson, etc., and at the evening performance "The Ticket-of-Leave Man" was performed, with Barton Hill as Rob Brierly, Mestayer as Dalton, John Wilson as Hawkshaw, J. C. Williamson as Melter Moss, Maggie Moore as Sam Willoughby, Nay Edwards as Emily Willoughby, Judah as Mrs. Willoughby, the last performance being a feature, as "The Geneva Cross" will be produced on the 8th..... Mr. John Howson's benefit at the Opera-house on the 7th was a notable success, the theatre being filled to its utmost capacity. The compliment in this case was deserved, for Mr. Howson has been a hard worker, besides proving himself a comedian of no ordinary merit. "The Bohemian Girl" was the attraction on the occasion, and it was presented during the remainder of the week to audiences that varied in numbers with the standard of the singer. The average business done was moderate only, but a great deal of appreciation was shown for the performance of the opera. Miss Lizzie Kellogg's rendition of Arline was quite pleasing. The Count Arnheim of Jas. Arnold was also a feature, and his singing of "The Heart Bowed Down" was artistic in method and secured a rendition. The remaining characters were distributed as follows: Gipsy Queen, Miss Ellerman; Thaddeus, Al Kelleher; Devilshoof, John Howson; Florentine, Miss Baker. The opera will obtain a much needed rest next week, when the attractions will be the comedies of "Thrice Married" and "Kind to a Fault," with John Howson, J. F. Burnett and Joseph Jordan in the principal characters. "Fra Diavolo" will shortly be produced for the benefit of Mr. James Arnold..... Mme. Anna Bishop has returned to this city from a successful concert tour in the interior of the State. She will give a farewell season at one of the music halls in the course of a few days, before returning to New York. Contrary to former reports, Mme. Bishop will not visit Australia. Georgiana Summerville and Mr. George Darrell, the Australian stars, after having played two successful engagements at Salt Lake, and one at Virginia City of two weeks each, returned to San Francisco on the 8th. They open at Sacramento on the 15th for two weeks, under the management of John Piper. Mrs. Darrell (Fanny Cathcart) has been highly praised wherever she has appeared in Intermountain, and at Virginia crowded the theatre nightly with "Leah," "The Woman in Red," "Camille," etc.....Miss May Howard has been playing to full houses at Piper's Opera-house, Virginia City, since the 8th. She was to be followed on the 8th by J. A. Herne and Fay Templeton in "Rip Van Winkle."

MUSICAL.

CLAY B. HITCHCOCK, leader of band and orchestra, advertises that he and a band of five pieces can be engaged.

E. A. ANDRE, leader of orchestra, violinist, etc., can be addressed as per advertisement.

J. M. RAY, leader of orchestra, advertises that he can be engaged after March 1, 1874.

MR. CHARLES A. BRAUN, a prominent instrumentalist, for many years connected with orchestras in Philadelphia, died suddenly on the 7th inst., after a short but severe illness, in the 52d year of his age. His funeral took place on the afternoon of the 10th inst. from his late residence in that city, and was largely attended, the Philadelphia Lodge of Elks, Philadelphia Musical Association, Oberkirsch's Band and the Saengerbund and Young Maennerchor Societies forming part of the extended cortege accompanying his remains to their place of interment at Mount Moriah Cemetery.

CAROLINE RICHINGS-BERNARD'S OLD FOLKS will give another series of concerts at Concert Hall, Philadelphia, commencing Jan. 12, 1874.

THE TYROLESE VOCALISTS made their first appearance at Ladner's Military Hall, Philadelphia, on the 8th inst.

THE ZIG-ZAGS in their grotesque dances were the feature of attraction at Miller's Winter Garden, Philadelphia, during the week ending Dec. 13, the Parlor Opera Company also appearing highly.

C. W. PETTIT, cornet soloist, advertises that he can be engaged after Jan. 10, 1874.

MISS L. HOOPER, who has been studying music during the past three years in Europe, made her debut in public as a vocalist at Bridgeport, Ct., Dec. 12, upon the occasion of an entertainment given by the Bridgeport Charitable Society.

WHITTEMORE & STEPHENS of Detroit, Mich., have just published the song "San Domingo," a new song-and-dance by Walter Bray.

CHAS. LITTLE, who can be addressed care of this office, wants an engagement as leader of orchestra or second violinist.

THE GERMAN OPERA COMPANY, at Liederkranz Hall, Louisville, Ky., produced "Der Freischutz" on Wednesday evening, Dec. 10, to a crowded house. The original season of the troupe will expire Jan. 8; and as they have given such general satisfaction, a new subscription list has been opened, and the company probably remain seven months longer.

THE MENDELSSOHN QUINTET CLUB of Boston is advertised for Christmas at the Opera-house, Columbus, O.

THE STRAKOSCH ITALIAN OPERA COMPANY commenced a short season at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, on the 8th inst. At almost the eleventh hour it was announced that "Mme. Nilsson's illness would prevent her appearance," and at this short notice Mlle. Torriani was substituted as Violetta in "La Traviata," the opening opera. "Lucrezia Borgia," "Faust," "Ballo in Maschera" and "Aida" constituted the programme for the week. "Aida" was produced on the 12th inst.

WHITE & GOULLAUD of Boston, Mass., who advertise, publish Gus Williams' comic songs.

THE KELLOGG ENGLISH OPERA COMPANY is booked to appear at the Opera-house, Titusville, Pa., on Dec. 19.

MME. NILSSON, with the Strakosch Company, is billed to appear at Ford's Grand Opera-house, Baltimore, Md., on Dec. 18, 19, 20.

THE STRAKOSCH OPERA TROUPE open for one week at the Opera-house, Cincinnati, O., on Dec 29.

THE SECOND OF A SERIES of classic chamber concerts, under direction of Otto Singer, will be given at the College Hall, Cincinnati, O., on the 26th inst.

A CONCERT, under direction of Carl Pahst, was given at Melodeon Hall, Cincinnati, O., on Dec. 11.

THE STRAKOSCH ITALIAN OPERA TROUPE will appear at Ford's Opera-house, Washington, D. C., Dec. 22, 23.

THE KELLOGG ENGLISH OPERA TROUPE entered upon its second week at Chicago, Ill., under most favorable auspices, Hooley's Opera-house being too small to hold the audience comfortably. On Dec. 8 "Lucia" was produced for the first time in English in this city. The size of the audience and the manner in which the opera was received showed clearly that English opera, at reasonable prices, will meet with generous support, wrote our correspondent on Dec. 11, further remarking: "The cast included Miss Kellogg, Miss Starkird, Messrs. Habelmann, Carlton Hall, Alexander and Fenich, all of whom sustained their respective characters in a highly commendable manner. As Lucia, Miss Kellogg had an excellent opportunity for displaying her dramatic ability, and she gave satisfaction. Her clear singing and unerring tones were brought out in their strongest light. Tuesday evening 'The Bohemian Girl,' with Miss Kellogg as Arline, was presented, and admirably sustained throughout. Wednesday evening 'Faust,' with Miss Jeunie Van Zandt, Mrs. Seguin, Mr. H. Peakes, Habelmann and Carlton in the cast. Both Miss Van Zandt and Miss Seguin were very fine, their acting and singing entitling them to the highest praise. This (Thursday) evening 'Il Trovatore;' Friday, 'Rigoletto;' Saturday, 'Maritana.' The attendance has been very large since their opening night, with perhaps two exceptions, and, as a whole, the several operas have been most creditably rendered..... A grand concert was given at Kingsbury Music Hall on the 10th inst. by the pupils of the Chicago Musical College, assisted by several of our leading musical celebrities. The house was crammed in every portion, and the concert was a success in every respect."

SPAULDING'S BELLRINGERS are to ring forth their merry peals at Athol, Mass., Dec. 17, Orange 18, Montague 19, Amherst 20, Miller's Falls 22, Turner's Falls 23, Shelburne Falls 24, Charlemont 25, Greenfield 26, Brattleboro, Vt., 27. Lena Russelle left the company on Dec. 13, and her place has been supplied by Effie Hayes, a sister of Mrs. Daniels.

TERESA LIEBE, Addie Ryan, Mrs. Hoffman, James Whitney and J. F. Rudolphsen appeared at E. Hoffman's second popular concert at Providence, R. I., on Dec. 9.

D. B. GILLAM advertises for a brass and string band of six performers to travel with a parlor circus during the Winter

MRS. CAROLINE RICHINGS-BERNARD'S Old Folks are to sing for one night at Dr. Scudder's Church in Brooklyn, N. Y., on Dec. 17.

J. B. ATWOOD and his orchestra severed their connection with the Helen d'Este Dramatic Company on Dec. 11, at Mount Vernon, Ill.

JOHN G. PIERSON of the Tremain Brothers' Operetta Troupe has been confined to his residence at Bath, N. Y., by fever during the past two weeks. He is rapidly convalescing.

V. RITEY HALLS.

COPIES of Ed. Harble's musical burlesque sketches can be purchased of Harry Deakin, who advertises.

THE WOODS—Harry and Fannie—character vocalists, whose address find elsewhere, are at present performing at the Varieties Theatre, Buffalo, N. Y.

HEYWOOD BROTHERS' COMBINATION is now reorganizing for the season of 1874, and will start on a twelfth annual tour through New England on March 1. It is said that the company will be one of the largest and the outfit the most gorgeous ever put on the road by a variety-show manager. A few first-class specialty artists are wanted to complete the organization. For further particulars see the advertisement.

ALL European gymnast, etc., can be addressed care of this office.

MANAGERS desiring to secure La La, the sensational lady gymnast, can address her agent, G. A. Farini, care of this office.

JOHN MANNING, trapeze and character artist, and James Dillon, comic singer, were the fresh appearances, since our last report, at the Theatre Comique, Joplin, Mo.

FOSTER & CO.'S ROYAL COMBINATION is to be at Riverhead, L. I., Dec. 15, Greenport 16, Sag Harbor 17, Patchogue 18, Hempstead 19, Flushing 20. J. W. Foster is the business manager.

THE MENDELS, Dutch song-and-dance artists, at present performing at the Olympic Theatre, St. Louis, Mo., commence an engagement at the Temple Theatre, St. Joseph, Mo., on Jan. 1, 1874.

HARRY LESLIE'S COMBINATION performed at the New Opera-house, Fall River, Mass., Dec. 8, 9, 10, and on the last evening were reinforced by Harry Bloodgood and Lisie Riddell.

THE SEA BREEZE VARIETIES, Pensacola, Fla., was opened for the season Dec. 1 with the following company: Annie Warfield, Lulu Leonard, Ella Jennette, Lily May, Ad Yale, Charles Peters, Tom Warfield and Master Charley. Dan Ryan was to have appeared Dec. 8.

LEW MCGUIRE, bone soloist, jig dancer, etc., advertises for an engagement.

D. S. VERNON AND ARCHY WHITE have become the proprietors of Franenthal's Opera-house, Wilkesbarre, Pa.

THE LAMONTS—Jennie and Albert—trapeze and bar performers posturers, etc., can be addressed care of this office by managers desiring to engage them.

PROF. J. L. DAVIS will exhibit his educated dogs at Mitchell's Olympic, St. Louis, Mo., for a short season commencing Dec. 22.

THE ELEVENTH-STREET THEATRE, Philadelphia, has been reopened by Billy McLean and John H. Clark, with free variety entertainments, including sparring, club-swinging, singing and dancing, in which Billy McClean, Johnny Clark, Fred. Howard, Bob Hays and others participate.

THE NEW FACES last week at the Grand Central Theatre, Philadelphia, were Mlle. Fontainebleau, Miss Patty Ross, Eugene Blitz and Boyd and Scott, the attendance being large. Mlle. Fontainebleau proved a decided feature of attraction in her daring and graceful trapeze act. Miss Patty Ross's vocalism was favorably received. Eugene Blitz obtained a well-merited applause in his facial changes and his amusing "Punch and Judy." Boyd and Scott in their specialties of "The Two Deacons" and "The Grand Marshals" were pleasing features, and the new ballet of "Uriel" was successful. Miss Fanny Herring, Boyd and Scott and Miss Patty Ross closed on the 13th inst. The Royal Yeddo Japanese Troupe commence on the 15th inst., and the last week of Mlle. Fontainebleau, Miss Edith Blande and Eugene Blitz is announced, the performance concluding with the sensational drama of "Jim Sharkey, or Escaped from the Tombs."

M. BRADLEY, agent for song-and-dance men, negro comedians, comic vocalists, lady vocalists and dancers, for his opera-house. See advertisement.

W. H. L. HAMILTON, Zouave drillist and versatile artist, is at present engaged at Shelby's Comique, Buffalo, N. Y., where he can be addressed.

AT THE RACE STREET VARIETIES, Cincinnati, O., the only changes since last report have been the closing of George C. Scott, and opening of La Belle Helene, dancer, vocalist and cancan performer, who has been off the stage for some time. The rains have made the ring dull.

AT FRED. AIMS' AMERICAN THEATRE, Pittsburgh, Pa., the new appearances last week were Alex. Davis, ventriloquist, whose performances cause much mirth and receive liberal applause; Valentine Love and Miss Nellie Maskell, who appear to advantage in musical and comedian specialties, who possess a fair degree of dramatic ability; and Ed. Skillette, actor. Our correspondent, on Dec. 12, further writes: "The J. C. Stewart Combination introduced fresh and enjoyable features, and a new drama, in two acts, written by Valentine Love, entitled 'Human Gaiters,' produced very recent and receive liberal applause; Valentine Love and Miss Nellie Maskell, who appear to advantage in musical and comedian specialties, who possess a fair degree of dramatic ability; and Ed. Skillette, actor. Our correspondent, on Dec. 12, further writes: "The J. C. Stewart Combination introduced fresh and enjoyable features, and a new drama, in two acts, written by Valentine Love, entitled 'Human Gaiters,' produced with

TERMS:
One copy, 52 weeks. Per annum, $5.00 in advance.
Six copies for one year, or more, a deduction of 10 cents is allowed from each yearly subscription. Subscribers in Canada and the Dominion provinces, $1.00 per annum extra to cover postage.
Advertisements under the head of Amusements, 15 cents per line for each insertion.
Miscellaneous and Sporting advertisements, 20 cents per line for each insertion.
Extracts from other papers, incorporated in news department, 25 cents per line.
Advertisements to be paid for at the time of insertion, and libera. discount made when paid for three months or longer, in advance.
FRANK QUEEN, Ed. and Proprietor,
CLIPPER BUILDING, Centre and Leonard streets, N. Y.

AMUSEMENTS.

CIRCUS PROPERTY
To let, or will take a partner. I have a set of bran-new CIRCUS FURNITURE, consisting of BAGGAGE, POLE AND FARMERS WAGONS, IRON AXLES, PLATFORM SPRING, FATRAT WHEELS, and for style cannot be beat in America. One brass-new 140 foot canvas, with poles, seats, stakes, etc; all ready to set up; about 70 harness; one horse, cart, harnesses and a few horses. I will let the above property reasonable, or will take a partner to run it the coming season. Would like to hear from some Japanese manager. For full particulars of property, etc., address C. W. CHAFFEE, Oxford, Miss. 35-2t*

DELAWARE, OHIO.
MILLER'S HALL,
Newly frescoed and fitted up with a full set of Scenery, can be rented by theatrical and other troupes. Seating capacity, 600. Population of city 5,000. Rent reasonable.
M. MILLER,
31-3t Proprietor of MILLER'S HALL.

A BRASS BAND
OF FIVE INSTRUMENTS,
comprising String Music also, desires an engagement for the coming season of 1874 with a good PARTY TROUPE. Address OLAF B. HITCHCOCK,
Leader,
36-1t* Elmboro, Ritchie Co., W. Va.

ALA.
The marvelous EUROPEAN GYMNAST. Triple Bars and new peasant Spring Platform. The great Somersault Act, double back, from feet to feet. Address
36-1t* ALA, care of CLIPPER Office.

"W. WILLS" DISSOLVING
STATUE, with MISS MAUD GRAY as the statue, is now at Stetson's Theatre, Boston, introduced into the
MAIAD QUEEN.
Apply to JONES & DALY,
33-1t* 924 Arch st., Philadelphia.

WANTED IMMEDIATELY,
FOR HELEN D'ESTE'S COMBINATION, A WALKING LADY, ALSO OLD WOMAN AND USEFUL MAN
Address H. E. SAWTELL, Manager, Mt. Vernon, Indiana, until Dec. 15; Mt. Vernon, Illinois, until 20; Paducah, Ky., Christmas week. 38-1t*

CORNET SOLOIST.
PROF. C. W. PETTIT,
now playing with HASKELL & WHITE'S BELL RINGING COMPANY, would like to engage to a responsible company after January 6, 1874.
Address as Magazine, Ontario, Canada. 38-1t*

FLORIDA HALL, JACKSONVILLE, FLORIDA, is the largest one in the State, and offers all the modern conveniences of dressing rooms, good scenery, central location, etc. Taxes paid. Good opening for troupes, lectures, etc. Constant stream of visitors. Large hotels. Address C. DREW, Agent. [38-1t*

**J. M. RAY, LEADER OF ORCHESTRA and Trombonist, with McGinnis' Comedy Troupe, will be open for engagement after March 1. Has excellent library. Permanent address Palmyra, Wis. 11*

GREATEST HIT
OF THE SEASON.
MASTER LEW McQUIRE in his new and original Bone Solos, and justly styled by the press the finest Bone Soloist in the world, and lightning straight jig and banjo business. Would like to join some first-class minstrel show. Managers please address 126 Fourth street, Troy, N. Y. 38-1t*

**WANTED.—A FULL COMPANY to support the Vernons. To travel through the South and Southwest. Season of six months, commencing Feb. 2. Please state line of business, etc. Salary moderate but sure. ROBERT BELMONT, Dramatic Author, Auburn, N. Y. Please send photographs. 38-1t

WANTED, AN AGENT
FOR A DRAMATIC COMPANY—a person who is gentlemanly, honest and sober, may address ROBERT BELMONT, Auburn, N. Y. A fair salary only. 38-1t*

ALFRED HUDDY WOULD
like a position as TENOR BALLADIST, with some first-class minstrel company. Can play E flat Cornet in Band. Will give references if desired. Address
122 Lamberton street,
38 1t* Trenton, N. J.

TO EQUESTRIAN MANAGERS—MADAME CAROLINE ROLLAND, Bareback Equestrienne, now performing at Charles Hengler's Grand Cirque, London, intends returning to America in March next, and is now prepared to receive
OFFERS FOR THE SEASON OF 1874.
Address ROLLAND, Hengler's Cirque,
33.2* Argyle street, Oxford street, London, Eng.

WANTED.—TO MANAGERS.
An engagement, by THOMAS CHAPMAN, low comedian, character, burlesque and pantomime actor. 16 years experience, from ball boy to stage manager, manager and principal banner-bearer to Tonobstone, Hamlet or Clown. Address COL. T. ALLSTON BROWN. 38-1t*

ED. MARIBLES
MUSICAL BURLESQUE SKETCHES,
ROMEO AND JULIET, MAG'S NEW DELAINE,
GUY MANQUERING, HAMLET,
LADY OF LYONS, MACBETH,
RIP VAN WINKLE, MARRIED IN DEATH,
WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR
MINSTREL AND VARIETY USE,
all of which have met with unparalleled success at Meyer's Opera-house, Chicago).
Copies of the above may be had at reasonable rates by addressing HARRY DEAKIN,
Manager Grand Opera-house,
38-1t Milwaukee, Wis.

**WANTED IMMEDIATELY, A WORKING AGENT of experience, to travel through Canada. Must be strictly temperate. Salary low, but sure. Make from one to two weeks' stands. Answer lowest terms (in gold). Send no stamps, but say where a telegram will reach you. Address PROF. D. MARIE, Lindsey Ont., Canada. 38-1t*

TO AMATEURS AND PROFESSIONALS in the Ethiopian business.—For sale, two burlesque soldiers' coats and caps, 2 wench dresses, 1 pair stuffed clubs (new), 2 close cropped wigs (new), 1 blonde wig (new); two dozen French plays, 1 small drop-curtain, 10x14; 1 set frost-lights, with tubing, stop-cock, etc.; 1 portable stage, 12x16. Call or address for two weeks. ED. CURTIN, 144 Fulton st., New York. 38-1t*

GROVE HOUSE.
172, 174, 176 and 178 Bleecker street,
near Broadway, N. Y.
First-class rooms, with excellent board. $1.50 to $2 per day, $6 to $12 per week. H. B. KENT, M. D.,
37-26t* Proprietor.

WANTED.—A PARTNER.
One that has the wide-show privileges with a first-class circus and menagerie for the season of 1874, or one that has the money to buy the privileges. This is a rare chance. I have a good canvas organ, paintings, monkeys, birds, snakes, and two of the heaviest people in America—John and Mary Powers. Address JOHN POWERS, Danville (P. O. Box 230), Hendricks Co., Ind. 37-3t*

THE GRINNELL CHILDREN,
champion juvenile song and dance artists, pronounced by press and public perfect wonders, can be engaged for their specialties through ADDIE GRINNELL, 96 Bleecker street, N. Y. 37-13t*

TO THE PROFESSION.
ROOMS, WITH BOARD, $6 TO $10 PER WEEK,
AT 188 BLEECKER STREET,
37-3t* Near Broadway, New York.

MARTINHO LOWANDE,
THE BRAZILIAN BAREBACK RIDER,
also, CHAMPION FOUR-HORSE RIDER,
WITH HIS INFANT SON, TONY,
who are now in Havana, Cuba (under a five months' engagement).
Managers who would like their services for the season of 1874,
WITH HORSES FOR ALL HIS ACTS,
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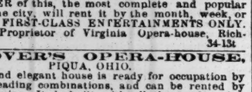
INFANT DAUGHTER, MAY,
wishes an engagement for the coming season. Address Care of THE CLIPPER OFFICE. 36-3t*



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is in reference to a few Illuminated One sheet Cut for
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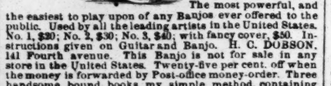

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